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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1912.

The Week

At Portland on Saturday Mr. Roosevelt pushed his garbling and misrepresentation of President Taft several degrees further than in his Carnegie Hall speech. It is a performance intellectually contemptible and morally quite shameless. Bryan at his worst was never capable of anything so low. Mr. Taft had merely stated the truism that in this country the people have to govern themselves through representatives. It was no more than Roosevelt himself had asserted in his Columbus speech, in which he said that the initiative and referendum, advocated by him, should not be used "to destroy representative government." But now he makes the President's statement mean approval of "government by the bosses, by the men who represent the combination of politics and big business." And then he proceeds to declare that the President has in mind men like Senator Penrose and Senator Gallinger and Chairman Barnes as the really "representative part" of the people who ought to rule. It is not necessary to point out that the aid of all these men has in times past been gladly received by Theodore Roosevelt. Nor need we stop to remark that at this very moment he is hand in glove with even more disreputable politicians and with rich men, two of whom have been under indictment for illegally combining politics and big business. All that it is needful to remark is that the chivalrous Roosevelt, in his attack upon a sworn friend, has been guilty of a base perversion of that friend's language. This touches a depth of meanness and demagogy which no Presidential candidate ever before reached.

"It is an advantage to a public man to have a grievance." This was said to Martin Van Buren by an English statesman, at the time when the news came that Van Buren, though appointed and actually serving as American Minister in London, had been rejected by the Senate. The saying certainly proved true in Van Buren's case. He fulfilled the prediction which Benton at the moment made to the Whig Senators: "You have broken a Minister only to make a Vice-President." The public man to-day who has a grievance is President Taft. He is not airing it, but everybody feels it, and it is working mightily in his favor. The outrageous nature of his treatment by Mr. Roosevelt is turning thousands of voters to the support of the President. The American people do like fair play, and they know that Mr. Taft is not getting it from the greatest shouter for fair play. Proof of this is seen in the caption which the Topeka *Plaindealer* spread across the first page of its issue of January 26: "Why don't some People Learn Sense? Roosevelt won't run against Taft. He's not that kind of Man." But when Roosevelt showed, by his letter of February 24, that he was exactly that kind of man, there was nothing left for the *Plaindealer* but to come out for Taft.

There can be no mistaking the significance of the vote by which the income tax bill—nominally an excise tax measure, to be sure—was passed in the House of Representatives. When a proposal conspicuously put forward as part of the Democratic programme, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, is passed in the House not merely by a majority of six to one, but by a two-to-one vote of the Republican members voting, there is no room to doubt the strength of the popular feeling in favor of the policy it embodies. Eighty Republicans voted for the income tax, while only forty stood out against it; and when it is added that the avowed ground of opposition on the part of these was in considerable measure the doubtful constitutionality of the bill, even that small protest loses much of its force. It can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the income-tax amendment to the United States Constitution will before long be approved by the small number of States still needed to procure its ratification.

Chairman Underwood asserts that an examination of the Tariff Board's report has furnished no grounds for changing the wool bill presented by his committee at the last session of Congress. The assertion seems to us entirely justified by the facts. The Tariff Board's report gave the results of a long and painstaking inquiry, but it left the question just about as unsettled as it had been before. It still remains a matter of individual judgment where the line should be drawn, even if the principle of difference of cost of production is accepted as binding, since that difference, in the case of wool at least, is too vague and too varied to serve as a definite guide. If the bill should now be passed by House and Senate, as it was last year, it will become the President's duty to consider it on its merits, and in the light of the Tariff Board's report. The more boldly and explicitly he refuses to take into account any question of political tactics, any fear of seeming to have done a foolish thing when he vetoed the bill last year if he signs it this year, the better, we are sure, he will stand in the forum of public opinion. The Board has at least shown that a great deal of the present wool schedule goes far beyond any reasonable measure of what the protection should be. What the President refused to do when this information was not before him he may with perfectly good grace do now.

"We cannot emphasize too strongly," says the minority report on the Panama toll question, "the elementary proposition that tolls levied upon vessels engaged in commerce between our Eastern and Western seaboards increase the amount the transcontinental railroads may charge for the same service." No, and we cannot emphasize too strongly the equally elementary proposition that the expenses of these vessels for coal, for seamen, or for repairs "increase the amount the transcontinental railroads may charge for the same service." The trouble about the "proposition" is that it is altogether too elementary. Nobody denies that any tolls that may be charged will form an addition to the transportation expenses; but unfortunately that seems to go a very small way towards freeing us from our solemn obligation to treat foreign and American vessels alike in the matter of tolls.

It happens that the Democrats are preparing to live up to their platform pledges in the matter of Philippine independence. The proposed bill drawn

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by the House Insular Affairs Committee provides for a period of probationary independence of eight years from July 4, 1913, to July 4, 1921, and after that full independence. Until the bill itself actually appears it is, of course, hardly worth while to discuss its particular merits. But it is of enormous importance that this question of the independence of the islands should be kept before the public and constantly discussed. Throughout the country at large no enthusiasm for retaining the archipelago can be found. Professional jingoes, big-navy advocates, and those who desire to see the islands exploited by "big business" will oppose. But the plain people know by this time that we have nothing to gain in a trade way by administering the islands which we cannot obtain if the country governs itself; that the islands are a source of expense, and that Americans and Filipinos have little or nothing in common.

The bill now under consideration by the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House to improve the organization of our consular and diplomatic service ought to be passed during the present session of Congress. Towards the state of things which the bill proposes to establish in a systematic way, there has now been for a series of years a steady approach in the actual practice of the State Department. The essential feature of the bill is seen in its first section:

> That the President may make all appointments of secretaries in the diplomatic service and of consuls-general and consuls to grades instead of places, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate in each case.

Then follow sections prescribing the system of reports on efficient service, and of examinations as to qualifications, which are to form the basis of the organization of this graded service, as well as a definition of the grades themselves and the accompanying salaries. To make an appointment in the consular or diplomatic service the stepping stone to a career, as well as to procure fairly qualified appointees in the first place, and to eliminate the spoils factor, is the object of the scheme; and so far have we got ahead that probably not a man will be found in Congress to attack the carefully considered method of examination.

Representative Lindbergh's proposal to abolish the Senate and the Vice-President, and to cut the membership of the House to 315 has at least the merit of thoroughness. Nor is it altogether certain that the country would miss the presiding officer of the Senate or the seventy-odd Representatives thus shorn of their powers. But that the rest of the House and all the orators of both parties, to say nothing of the newspapers and magazines, would consent to being deprived of their one perennial object of attack by the disappearance of the Senate is so inconceivable that even this bold innovator dares not suggest it without a plausible substitute. He would have fifteen Representatives elected from the country at large as a "Committee-at-Large," to be entrusted with control and veto power over the legislation of their three hundred humbler colleagues. The mighty fifteen would exercise their functions under the constant peril of the recall. The President, we presume, would do his best to keep up appearances by sending messages to the fifteen, and signing or vetoing whatever bills they were so gracious as to transmit to him, with as great a flourish as he could command. In this way, the great ideal of a really business administration of national affairs would be realized. The people, acting as a board of directors, would select and recall members of the Committee-at-Large as often as they could find time to attend to them, and life would be one long election day.

Indiana Democrats threw Gov. Marshall's hat into the ring last week by instructing the thirty delegates to the Baltimore Convention to present his name as that of their first and only choice for the Presidential nomination. There are cynical spirits who profess to see a string tied to this resolution, with one end in the hand of National Committeeman and Delegate-at-Large Thomas Taggart. The speech of the Governor as temporary chairman of the Convention was strangely calm for these parlous times in which the very right of the people to rule is at stake. Until graver evils come than have thus far arisen, Gov. Marshall sees no reason for the initiative, referendum, and recall. In a mollycoddle spirit, he confesses that, although he often chafes under what he conceives to be the unwarranted interference of the courts with his prerogatives, he refrains from denouncing them as instruments of oppression, and looks for relief to the remedies we already have.

There was more than a mere formality in the adjournment of the House on account of the death of Representative Foster of Vermont. A member of Congress for five terms, David J. Foster had particularly impressed all his colleagues by the weight of his character, as by his industry and the clear sanity of his judgment. Serving on the Foreign Affairs Committee, he made himself known, especially in the last Congress, as a firm champion of equity and moderation in international relations. The arbitration treaties had no firmer friend or more constant advocate. Of the best American stock and with a long record of varied public service, he was a Representative whom Vermont did well to honor and whose loss she and the country have reason to deplore.

Nemesis has at last overtaken the muck-raking magazine. Its own shames are now to be held up to public scorn. From "Masters of Wall Street" we are to proceed to "Masters of the Magazines," the way, we take it, being a short one. The mere announcement of the series whets one's appetite. "There is nearly as much fiction about magazines as there is in them," we read, and then the eye is greeted with such phrases as "recent changes in magazine ownership," "centralized control of the magazines," "the advertiser holds the power of life or death—the final word." We are assured in the customary manner of the writer's intellectual and moral fitness for his delicate task. Not only is he a veteran in the magazine and advertising field, a practical publisher, and "a fair and open-minded student of the life that goes on about him," but he has "the punch"; that is, he speaks "with all the sympathetic understanding of an insider, yet he speaks boldly and forcefully—and fearlessly."

Straw votes in the colleges uniformly show that the sympathies of the American undergraduate are emphatically with the Republican party. Wesleyan University's underclassmen are three Republicans to one Democrat. A recent poll at New York University, in the very citadel of Democracy, showed an even stronger drift towards the Republican party. One explanation is to

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be found in the fact that the American undergraduate, unlike every other college student on earth except the Oxford man, is conservative. This does not necessarily mean that the undergraduate mind regards the Republican and Democratic parties as the embodiment, respectively, of conservatism and radicalism. The undergraduate is conservative in the sense that he believes in the *status quo*. Hence his inclination towards the Republican party which for sixteen years has been in control of the Government. There may be freshmen now in college who were born after Bryan's first defeat. And to the entire present college generation a Democratic President is hardly even a memory.

We should not forget the great services to the cause of conservation rendered by the late Gen. John W. Noble, whose death occurred on Friday. It was during his incumbency of the office of Secretary of the Interior that the forest reservation policy was originated under the act of March 3, 1891. The great Sierra Reserve was one of the first proclaimed, thanks to General Noble's initiative. So vast was this reservation that many timid persons criticised the Secretary of the Interior for going too far. Fortunately, this did not deter him from stretching his authority a trifle in order to preserve the banks of that greatest of our scenic wonders, the Arizona Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Thanks to the Sierra Reserve, California has had the use of the water resources needed for the irrigation of the San Joaquin Valley. For this alone that State owes to General Noble a lasting debt of gratitude.

Monsignor Brann's advice to his hearers in New York to pray for the newspapers, arrests attention. What is worth praying for cannot be beyond hope. As a practical suggestion, however, there is greater force in Monsignor Brann's accompanying words: "And as for the bad ones—don't buy them; don't read them." It might be whispered that, as between praying for the editor and refusing to buy his paper, an ounce of the latter is worth a ton of the other, but there is no reason why the clergyman's parishioners should not do both. If they prefer sensation to certainty, they will go where sensation is to be found. Such readers, however, are estopped from complaining of the existence of the thing which they are keeping alive. The remedy for it lies in their own hands. The way to Trust regulation may not be clear; even the means of escape from political bosses may require consideration; but to dispose promptly and absolutely of gutter journalism is ridiculously simple—that is, if people really want to dispose of it.

If the Department of English of the University of Kansas has really begun a campaign against slang, it deserves the thanks of everybody who has ears to hear. That there is something to be said for slang cannot be denied. Those who devise it and those who use it are not always actuated by a desire to degrade speech. At bottom there is the search for newly-minted coins which in a Shakespeare the world applauds. Some of the methods employed are common to slang-writer and literary artist, as the seizing upon metaphorical expressions and the drafting of a noun to do service as a verb. But the practice is so overdone in quantity and so underdone in quality that the principle has been buried under a mass of nondescript verbal concoctions. Such a fevered movement must die a natural death in the end, but meantime the not over-sensitive twentieth-century ear is being so violently abused as to make it questionable whether it will long have any power of discrimination left. The virtue of the campaign said to have been undertaken by the University of Kansas lies in its endeavor to strengthen the sense of word values in persons who are not too old for reform.

While British labor leaders are being sent to prison for inciting troops to mutiny, the anti-militarist movement in France, the place of its origin, seems to be distinctly on the wane. Thus is once more exemplified the rôle of France, the pioneer of ideas, discarding the ideas about the time the rest of the world is beginning to put them into application. The present popularity of the army in France may be taken as part of the general awakening of the national spirit consequent upon the late crisis in Franco-German relations over Morocco. It is attested by the recent revival of the custom of parading the troops of the garrison of Paris through the streets of the city, whereas only a year or two ago, as one writer says, it was the custom to have the soldiers slink through the back streets of Paris for fear of arousing the ire of the anti-militarists. Military ceremonies, for some time fallen into disuse, have also been revived. Military reviews have become more frequent. Characteristically enough, the militarist spirit is being fostered by a Minister of War who not so long ago was a Socialist, namely, M. Millerand.

Violence by English suffragists continues to elicit strong expressions for and against, but perhaps the most significant action taken is that by the Women's Liberal Federation. At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee a resolution was carried, which was moved by Lady Carlisle, and which utterly repudiated and condemned "the disastrous acts of violence," and held that such "organized outrages endanger the cause of women's suffrage." This women's organization represents 860 Women's Liberal Associations. It concluded its resolution by appealing to members of Parliament not to "swerve from their championship of a great cause" merely because of "the wrongdoing of a small section of the army of women who demand the Parliamentary vote." On the other hand, Annie Besant has published a letter defending the militant and law-breaking tactics.

Equal suffrage for women in China! It is limited, as yet, but evidently the people are going to rule, and not merely the male half about which our ex-President is suddenly so deeply concerned in this country. What an argument our own suffragists will have hereafter, everybody must see. What can a poor, badgered legislator say when, surrounded by a bevy of eager pleaders, he is met by the question: "Do you want your State to be behind *China!*" Plainly, the Chinese Parliament, which is reported to have granted the suffrage to women simultaneously with the election to it of the Chinese Mrs. Pankhurst—who rejoices in the euphonious name of Yik Yug-Ying—intends to cure all the evils of democracy in advance by having the completest possible equality. When in history was there a revolution such as has come over the Celestial Empire, at least in so short a time and with such complete overturning of old forms of government?

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THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

Mr. Balfour's reappearance in the House of Commons as the spokesman for his party was more dramatic than fruitful. He put the temporary Conservative leader, Mr. Bonar Law, aside but he could not overcome Mr. Asquith. On the second reading of the bill to settle the coal strike the Ministry had more than their normal majority. This did not mean that the Liberal party, or, indeed, the sober opinion of England, was satisfied with the Government measure. Brought forward only as a last resort and with many misgivings, supported in the House merely as an emergency bill of limited life, it is looked upon by all thoughtful men as a step which may have the gravest consequences. These were forcibly depicted by Mr. Balfour, but the sense of overpowering necessity was too strong for him, while his statement that, even if the Government were defeated, the Opposition would not seek to force a dissolution, took the fight out of his followers. Party advantage cannot well be got out of a crisis in which the Conservatives have no alternative plan to offer.

Politically, Mr. Balfour's return will be accepted as marking the failure of Mr. Bonar Law's leadership. With it there have been increasing signs of dissatisfaction. Mr. Law has abundant energy, but not too much discretion. He has made several glaring blunders. The Liberal press has been able to bring him into ridicule. And it was observable some weeks ago that a movement was quietly on foot to bring Mr. Balfour back. In place of the old initials, B. M. G., there was getting to be substituted these other, B. M. R.—that is, instead of the foolish cry by disgruntled Conservatives, "Balfour Must Go," there came to be the refrain, "Balfour Must Return." It is, of course, not certain that he will at once resume the leadership, but the yielding of Bonar Law to him in the present crisis bears out the prediction made at the moment of Balfour's resignation: "In six months' time he will have them all at his feet again."

Mr. Balfour well expressed the sentiments of those who feel that the proposed action of Parliament, in dealing with the coal strike, is something so new in English law-making as to be almost revolutionary. Yet it will not do to exaggerate the lengths to which the proposed bill would go. It may be said to be, in effect, an extension of the functions of Government conciliation in labor troubles, as already possessed and discharged by the officials of the Board of Trade. The coal-strike bill proceeds on the assumption that the mining industry is so much a thing by itself, and that conditions in certain districts are so exceptional, that special legislation is proper and necessary. What is planned is to set up boards for the several coal-mining regions, of which the duty shall be to attend to the grievances of the miners and, roughly, to fix their wages. In each instance the whole question of peculiar circumstances and competition and profits will be gone into thoroughly, and the results determined in the cautious English way of applying reason and justice to the facts.

Up to this point, the bill could hardly be called startling, though it is clear that the Government would never have thought of going even as far as this had it not been for the strike. But the novel thing, the thing that may fairly be called revolutionary in English legislation, is the legal recognition by the bill of the principle of the minimum wage. This, to be sure, is in general terms. The miners have been pressing Mr. Asquith to do two things; first, to embody in the bill the entire scale of wages, up and down, which they have demanded of the owners; secondly, at least to state in the law the exact minimum wage to be insisted upon, namely, $1.25 a day for men, and 50 cents for boys. The former the Prime Minister flatly refused to do, at the time of his conference with the miners. But he left the door open in the matter of specifying the minimum wage, and it was thought that he might yield on that point. But he has not done so. His position is, apparently, that the acceptance of the principle of the minimum wage—that is, that the worker must get enough to keep soul and body together—does not require that the Government shall say what such a minimum wage is, but that this question shall be left in every given instance to be determined by the local boards that are also to pass upon the other matters in dispute.

While waiting for the ultimate economic and social effects of the bill to show themselves, public attention and speculation in England will most eagerly fasten upon the politics of it all. There has been a feeling, for which some justification exists, that the Asquith Ministry is losing its hold on the country. Some have even declared that the Government is tottering to a fall, and have predicted that the Conservatives will be in power before the year is out. The bye-elections have been going ominously against the Liberals. But apart from the ups and downs of incidental pollings, stands the large fact of the actual Liberal strength in Parliament, together with the announced policy and purposes of the coalition Ministry. It still has behind it in the House a majority of more than 100. This Parliament has been in existence only about a year and a quarter. It has a normal prospect of life of over three years more. And the cohesion and tenacity of the Government must be greatly strengthened by the situation in which it finds itself. After great exertion and successive general elections, it was able to pass the Parliamentary Act, removing after a two years' interval the veto power of the House of Lords. But that measure was not an end in itself. It was only a means. The thing all the while aimed at was the enactment of legislation which the Liberal party had at heart, and to which it is pledged; and the Parliament Act was merely a preliminary to that, simply a tool to remove obstructions from the path. The whole logic of the position, then, is that the Liberals should stand by their guns, and press on the bills for Home Rule, for Welsh Disestablishment, for the abolition of plural voting, and for the reform of public education, which they have promised the country, and to prepare the way for which all the long and bitter struggles of the past three years were primarily undertaken.

"SYNDICALISM."

The Lawrence strike has brought into public notice in this country a new type of labor union and a new philosophy of the labor movement. The strike at Lawrence was conducted by the Industrial Workers of the World, familiarly known as the I. W. W., whose principles go by the name of Syndicalism. The term has been popularized recently by events in England, where Mr. Tom Mann, a veteran labor leader and the exponent of the new movement in the

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British trade unions, has been put in prison for preaching sedition to the army in connection with the coal strike. Isolated theories and practices of Syndicalism have already become fairly familiar to the general reader. Such are the "general strike" which constitutes the basic principle of Syndicalism, and "direct action" which has achieved notoriety through the acts of the McNamara brothers. Even the French word *sabotage* has become acclimated in the newspapers. But a general account of the Syndicalist movement has been wanting till recently. The deficiency is now supplied by an admirable monograph, entitled "The Labor Movement in France," from the hand of Mr. Louis Levine and published under the auspices of the Columbia University Department of Political Science.

Syndicalism in its latest phase has arisen out of peculiar conditions in the French labor movement. But the truth of Mr. Levine's contention is quite apparent: Syndicalism is essentially a revival of conditions that prevailed at the beginning of the international labor movement fifty years ago. When the "Internationale" was founded in 1864, it was almost from the beginning torn between two conflicting tendencies, which in broad terms we may characterize as the revolutionary spirit and the evolutionary, the anarchistic and the Socialistic, the gospel of violence as preached by Michael Bakunin, and the gospel of gradual transformation under the laws of industrial development as set forth by Karl Marx. In other words, the labor movement is only human. Like all great social and political movements, it has had its moderates and extremists, its legalists and its revolutionaries. Labor and Socialism have witnessed the alternate ascendency of one faction or the other. In France, characteristically, this shifting of bases has always found its most vigorous expression. There, on the one hand, Socialists have consented to enter a bourgeois Cabinet and cooperate with the "exploiters" of the working classes. And there, on the other hand, the syndicalist theory has been most completely worked out.

Syndicalism or revolutionary trade-unionism is, in the first place, a sharp reaction against political or parliamentary Socialism. In theory it holds that the presence of Socialist or trade-union representatives in Parliament is useless or worse than useless. It not only repudiates individual representatives of the working class, such as Millerand, Briand, and Viviani, as traitors to their class; but it regards the parliamentary system in itself as conducive to the sacrifice of principles, the encouragement of petty intrigue, the fostering of cowardly conciliation, and thus to the weakening of the revolutionary spirit among the workingmen. Moreover, parliamentarianism leads to the domination of the working-classes by non-workingmen. It is the "intellectuals" who get themselves elected to Parliament; and such men, with all the good will in the world, cannot really enter into the feelings and the aspirations of the working-class. The "intellectuals" are necessarily inclined to take a philosophic view of the "war between the classes." They are content to make gradual progress. They accept reforms. They cannot understand the real workingman's passionate yearning for liberation, to be obtained in his own day and by any means.

Syndicalism, therefore, rejects the idea of capturing the bourgeois state by legislative methods. It rejects palliatives and reforms because they do not go to the heart of the trouble, which is simply irreconcilable class warfare. Because the state is always bound to be under the control of the propertied classes and the "intellectuals," Syndicalism declares war against the state. It finds in the workingmen's organizations the only efficient agent for overturning society. It regards the general strike as the lever that will accomplish the overthrow. The general strike may come to-day or at any time. Meanwhile it is necessary to maintain the class spirit unimpaired, to nourish it on partial strikes, on constant agitation. Every victory over the employer is to be made the base for further conquests. The irrepressible conflict is to be hastened by a policy of constant irritation. Better than having Socialist Deputies in Parliament, is to force a bourgeois Parliament into concessions by force—by strikes, *sabotage*, protest meetings, and every other form of mass action. The labor unions are the "standing army" of the revolution. They may not represent a majority of the workingmen. Even within the unions the majority may not be in favor of direct action. But that does not matter. In every historic movement, the conscious, resolute minority has carried the indifferent majority with it.

Syndicalism has also its constructive philosophy. When the looked-for "general strike" has come and succeeded, when the present system of capitalist protection is overthrown, then the labor unions are to step in and assume control of the business of production. The future state, as pictured by Syndicalism, will be a loose, federative structure of producers' unions in which the workmen will also be the owners, directors, and distributors. But, as a matter of fact, Syndicalism does not concern itself greatly with the nature of the future state. It has taken the old cry that the laboring-class has everything to gain and nothing but its chains to lose, and has given to this watchword a philosophical cast. The most eminent theoretician of the Syndicalist movement, M. Georges Sorel, is a confessed Bergsonian. We must trust ourselves to the stream of life. Creative evolution, working in the domain of industry, will work out the salvation of society.

Just now the most significant thing in Syndicalism is that it constitutes a menace, not to society, but to the Socialist party. It brushes away disdainfully the results of decades of Socialist effort and says virtually that the 110 Socialist members of the Reichstag, the seventy-odd Socialist members in the French Chamber, the forty labor members in the House of Commons, the large Socialist party in the Austrian and Italian Parliaments, amount to nothing. All this is interesting to us of America, where political Socialism is learning its first steps. Socialists have hardly done rejoicing over Milwaukee, Schenectady, and Mr. Berger, when up rises this spectre of "direct action" in their path. They are willing to accept the established doctrine that the Socialist party and the unions represent the two arms of the militant working class. But the Syndicalists arise and proclaim themselves alone as the people. Salvation will not come through a Socialist majority of "intellectuals" in the House of Representatives and the Senate, but through a minority of determined workingmen leading the masses into battle on the economic field. No wonder the Socialist *Call* loses its temper and declares that "worse than the 'aristocracy of intellect' is the 'aristocracy of revolution.' . . . It becomes 'an aristocracy of

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revolutionary intellect' without a glimmering of intelligence and none of the revolutionary impulse. It becomes merely a personal concern, with no shade of democracy in it, with subservient followers and with unquestioned leaders." This exposition of Syndicalism, we leave to speak for itself.

PROTECTING THE IMMIGRANTS.

In the closing days of the session of 1910, the New York State Legislature passed four bills which marked a new era in the humanitarian and industrial legislation of the State. It established a policy and created a new kind of administrative machinery which now seem destined to lead both the Federal and State Governments in the development of a domestic policy in dealing with admitted aliens. These were the four immigration bills which created the Bureau of Industries and Immigration, and regulated private bankers, steamship ticket agents, and notaries public.

These words are the introduction to the first annual report of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration. It was fortunate at its inception in obtaining at its head Miss Frances A. Kellor, whose work in connection with the supervision of employment agencies and in other fields of social endeavor had won her a deserved reputation. The report before us is from her pen.

In brief, by passing this legislation the State of New York decided to assume a new attitude towards the immigrant. He was no longer to be left to the tender mercies of transportation companies and to those of the sharks who lie in wait for him at every corner. The State decided to see to it that he should be protected both on and after his arrival. It created a bureau to look out for him wherever aliens are found in congested quarters, camps, or colonies. The process of Americanization was to be furthered and supervised. But, above all, the immigrant was to be protected from exploitation because of his ignorance of the country and of its language. Obviously, this opened up a field in which sentiment might easily get the better of judgment. Miss Kellor has endeavored to carry out the new policy in four ways: first, by assuring to every admitted alien in the State who has a grievance a hearing in his own language and an impartial inquiry into his alleged wrongs, with the State acting as mediator for him where the wrong is established, or as his attorney if arbitration is impossible. The second object is to enforce existing legislation and procure whatever new laws are needed; the third is to investigate and study existing conditions of life and labor; and the fourth is to publish the results of these studies.

The Bureau has made only a beginning of its work. Yet no less than 2,956 investigations of subjects, and 749 direct investigations of complaints, have been made. Throughout the State were found colonies of aliens needing attention; some grouped around industrial centres such as Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, etc.; others in remote mining or railway camps and along the great new aqueduct. In some of these colonies the conditions were found to be shocking in the extreme. To help immigrants who have been victims of this kind of ill-treatment or have been defrauded or maltreated by employment agents, contractors, private bankers, padrones, ticket agents, land and transportation companies, etc., has been the ceaseless aim of the Bureau. Where relief or financial aid was needed, the Bureau directed the applicants to existing charitable agencies. Through a group of fifty newspapers representing all nationalities and languages, it has reached thousands of immigrants and laid before them news of frauds detected and proved, exploiters apprehended, besides setting forth the dangers that threaten, and the labors of the Government and of individual societies in their behalf.

Already the Bureau is in a position to make important recommendations. It would have the State establish free employment bureaus for the distribution of unskilled workers now at congested centres. It urges a "camp-school bureau or commission" to deal with the educational needs in immigrant colonies and camps; and desires that the immigrant lodging-place law shall be extended to temporary labor camps. For the Federal Government there are eight recommendations, two of the most important of which are that the Government shall license and regulate labor bureaus which now supply labor to those engaged in interstate business, and that naturalization shall be restricted to Federal courts. The need of extending welfare and educational work to small communities, camps, and colonies throughout the State, and of establishing an experimental school of citizenship, is also considered. Curiously enough, under this new law immigrants are protected where natives of the country working alongside of them are beyond the scope of the Bureau; on the other hand, the foreigners in such outlying camps and communities are usually overlooked in the matter of schools, recreation, libraries, and so on.

The most striking thing about the Bureau is its personnel and its spirit. Twenty-five years ago it would have seemed a matter of course to put at its head some cheap politician wholly without experience or fitness for the work. It would have been deemed preposterous to choose a social worker, and a woman at that. The ordinary political bureaucrat will rub his eyes with amazement when he learns that not only did Miss Kellor bring a fine personal enthusiasm to her work, but that when it was found that there was not money enough appropriated properly to organize the office, the head of the Bureau and her chief special investigator, Miss Carola Woerishoffer, contributed the funds necessary. A work which is carried on by such officials is bound to prosper. Unfortunately for the State, death robbed it of Miss Woerishoffer's service last summer with cruel untimeliness. Rightly, the first page of the report before us is given to a tribute to her from which we extract the following: "The State has had no enrolled soldier who has responded to every call more promptly, who has performed the duties set him more unflinchingly, or who has given his life more utterly on the field of battle than she in the cause in which she believed."

THE EXTINCT ANGEL CHILD.

Justice requires that a good word be said for the saintly infant of two generations ago whom devoted parents brought up on pap and treacle to be a missionary among the cannibals. It has become too much the fashion to call him a prig and a snivelling humbug. To this sweeping charge at least a twofold objection can be taken. In the first place, if the mid-Victorian child was a prig, it was because his parents were prigs; which is always a reasonable defence. In the second place, the mid-Victorian angel child never existed outside of the books written for him by his elders. About 1830 Dr. Kendall produced, among other books for children,

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"The Prize for Youthful Obedience," of which the story moves in this vein:

A kind and good father had a little lively son, named Francis; but, although that child was six years old, he had not yet learned to read.

His mamma said to him one day: "If Francis will learn to read well, he shall have a pretty little chaise."

The little boy was vastly pleased with this. He presently spelled five or six words, and then kissed his mamma.

"Mamma," said Francis, "I am delighted with the thoughts of this chaise, but I should like to have a horse to draw it."

"Francis shall have a little dog, which will do instead of a horse," replied his mamma; "but he must take care to give him some victuals, and not do him any harm."

The natural desire that arises in the modern soul to assassinate little Francis and his mamma is only stayed by the reflection that among little Francis's contemporaries were Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. Obviously the fault lies not with little Francis but with his creator.

The child has always been the victim of standards imposed upon him by his elders, in literature as in every other phase of life. And always, we imagine, the child soul has been very much what it is to-day. It was so in seventeenth-century Massachusetts when the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth wrote his charming little lyrics about infants in hell fire, and when two-year-old babes lisped:

> I, in the Burying Place, may see
> Graves Shorter than I;
> From Death's Arrest no age is free,
> Young children too may die.

It is so to-day when little Socialist children in Socialist Sunday-schools construe in their Socialist primers exercises of the following general tenor:

See the Capitalist.
Is he a fat Capitalist?
Yes, he is a fat Capitalist.
See the Workingman.
Is he a thin Workingman?
Yes, he is a thin Workingman.
Why is the Capitalist so fat?
Because the Workingman is so thin.

But even in Massachusetts of the seventeenth century it is on record that the histories of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer were circulated in printed form. Whatever the Puritan father may have thought about it, the conjecture is a safe one that the Puritan mother put her children to bed not with extracts from the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, but from the vast body of Mother Goose literature which no age and no country has ever been without. It is undoubtedly true that the Socialist child of to-day does not pursue his inner spiritual life under the shadow of the Materialistic Interpretation of History and of the Class Struggle. They have games and folk dances and flag drills with the red flag, of which the symbolic meaning may not always be present to their young minds.

To-day it is true in one sense that the gap between child nature and the nature of child literature is narrower than it was with the Puritans and the Victorians, and than it threatens to be under the Socialist régime. We take pride in recognizing the existence of the "real" boy and the "real" girl. Animal spirits, far from being banned, are explicitly encouraged; not only on the theory that boys will be boys, but on the impressive philosophical assumption that the individual life mirrors the history of the race and that the boy has a scientific excuse for being something of a savage. Hence the present-day literature deals with boy scouts and boy hunters, with pirates and treasure trove, with football and college fraternities.

And then all at once you observe a peculiar lapse into didacticism; for the modern boy has his educational books about wireless and aeroplanes, about Dreadnoughts and submarines. Wherein, now, are we better than the Victorians who wrote about pony chaises in connection with obeying mamma and being kind to the dog? The Victorians encouraged moral prigs. We are turning our children into scientific and technical prigs. Recall how pedagogists insist on reminding us of the joy the child takes in making believe that a dog is a prancing charger, or in raising large families of calico-dressed clothespins taken from the wash-line. In themselves the wireless and the Dreadnought have no greater appeal for the child than good dog Ponto harnessed to a wagon. Only we choose one way of preparing the child for citizenship and the Victorians had another. We are interested in the evolutionary effects of play, and the Victorians were interested in moral effects. It is to be doubted, however, whether the Victorian mind was capable of conceiving a monstrosity like "directed child play," which, we understand, is one of the rising new sociological sciences.

Other times, other—no, not other customs—but other ways of formulating the same old habits of mind. Whether the object of education is to make a good man as the Victorians called it, or a socially efficient citizen as one supposedly ought to call it to-day, it is really the same object. Only once upon a time people went directly at their goal. Little Francis's education was in closer touch with actuality than many of our own methods. There did exist cannibals whom a little boy might reform, convert by kindness. But an education in pirate-treasure and wood-lore is no preparation for a clerkship in a shoe-shop or a bank. For all that he was a prig and a nuisance, little Francis was in touch with those great principles of morality and conduct which underlie every condition of life and every state of society. The modern librarian ejects the Horatio Alger books from his shelves, presumably on the theory that stories for boys, no matter how interesting they are, must necessarily be smug and priggish if they speak of bootblacks who became wealthy merchants through industry, honesty, and fidelity. That librarian's shelves are crowded with best-sellers, for adults, which are nothing but the Alger gospel warmed up and served with modern trimmings.

TEACHING THE FARMERS TO PLAY.

The common conception of country life as all work and no play is one of those generalities that are established rather than weakened by investigation. The life of the average farmer, says Prof. John M. Gillette of the University of North Dakota, in the "Country Life" number of the *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, "is a round of eating, working, sleeping, saving, economizing, living meagrely, recognizing only the bare necessaries, skimping along with inconveniences." Let such a man accumulate wealth, and move into the city to enjoy it, and he becomes one of the most helpless of men. "He still practices the stern economies, lives in houses without modern conveniences, keeps the old rag carpets, attends no theatres, goes to no lectures unless they are free, and acts as a man in a strange world or as one with a starved soul." The rural telephone, rural mail delivery, and increased use of machinery have greatly altered conditions for the better, but the farmer who runs down to the station in his automobile to meet his dinner guests from the near-

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est city is as yet much oftener seen in cartoons than in life.

The result is that much of the relaxation which he manages to get is artificial; it is apt to be either solitary or amid surroundings that are not of his making. In either case, it is not what it should be, and is quite different from that enjoyed by the urban laborer. The solitary forms of his play, such as hunting and fishing, tend to diminish; while the other sort, for which he resorts to the village or town within easiest reach, is made up of moving-picture shows, saloons, billiard halls, and lodge-rooms. The mere geographical fact that these attractions are on alien ground exerts a subtle psychological influence upon him. He feels himself, if not in a new heaven, at least on a new earth, and he has a consequent sense of release from the checks and balances of his native heath. This disparity in location between his labor and his play has another unfortunate effect in making him dissatisfied with the place of his work, and drawing him towards the spot which he associates with his brighter hours. This circumstance alone is sufficient demonstration of the vital connection between work and play, and of the need for the development of the latter in the rural communities themselves. Their dearth of social intercourse in all but the most rudimentary ways is doubtless connected with their lack of intellectual stimulus.

It may seem that this view gives scant credit to the cultural value of the informal gatherings in the store, the post office, the railway station, or the one building that houses all three. One of our traditions has been the hard-headed tiller of the soil, listening at the Saturday evening assembly to the reading of a newspaper, and then engaging in homely but pithy discussion of the questions that are puzzling the wise men at Washington. The facts seem to be quite different. The social mind of our rural communities, according to Dr. Warren H. Wilson, Presbyterian Superintendent of Church and Country Life, is saturated at such times, not with political wisdom, but with economic commonplaces. The church does little more for the social instinct. Being far too numerous for the population they serve, the churches "become the vehicle of expressing grudges, resentments, narrow and mean social feelings." The old-fashioned rural home has disappeared, and consolidation and centralization of country schools has only begun.

The way to better things is a double one. In the first place, conscious effort is now made to supply the wanting social activity. With what might seem to a stranger a merry jest, the metropolitan centre of the hemisphere is the headquarters of an organization that proposes to train our rural inhabitants in the art of recreation and amusement. Parents shall be instructed in telling stories, clubs shall be organized for the boys and girls, there shall be lecture and entertainment courses, reading circles, public libraries, choral unions, more intelligent church and school socials, itinerant social and literary meetings, systematic teaching of plays and games, modern forms of camping, encouragement of tramping and houseboat parties, and a great many more delightful doings. One's head reels at the elaborateness of the programme. Carried out in its entirety, it would inevitably defeat its purpose by driving the exhausted merry-makers from the country to the cities, for the sake of rest and quiet. But probably it will not be carried so far. Programmes seldom are. The inertia of the rural subjects of the experiment will furnish a sufficient counterpoise to the enthusiasm of the experimenters. Tried tactfully, as no doubt it will be tried, it must awaken many a community to the realization that there is a better means of escape from the grind of toil than "recreations" which leave the body little better off, and the mind decidedly worse off.

The larger hope, however, would appear to lie in less self-conscious, less external, less specific methods. Typical and perhaps most important of these at the moment is the Chautauqua. Here people sit together without petty distinction of creed or party, listening to vigorous utterance and challenge of opinion, and finding their way into new intellectual realms. The extent of the movement in rural regions may be known from the statement that in Nebraska, with its sixty towns of a population of more than a thousand each, there are fifty-five Chautauquas; in Iowa, there are nearly two hundred; and in Kansas and Missouri, fifty each. The brevity of the time during which the sessions are held, the average being only ten days, renders them a means of suggestion and inspiration rather than a social institution. But in this circumstance is their value. Instead of supplying the farmer and his household with ready-made schemes of recreation, they quicken his mind, open for him horizons beyond his farm, and, best of all, make it harder for him to enjoy the thin and vapid amusements of the neighboring village. With such a hint, he can be trusted to develop a social life of his own, without peril to the natural character which no one wishes him to lose.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

The Red Knight had been rowing for a long time and Alice noticed that they were still in the same place. That was on account of the peculiar way in which the Red Knight handled the oars. He pulled at the right oar as hard as he could and he pushed with the left oar as hard as he could, and the boat went round and round in a circle.

"We *aren't* getting any nearer the shore, are we?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a bit," said Alice.

"That's fine," said the Red Knight. "Now you can see that I am neither a wild-eyed radical nor a moss-grown reactionary."

But Alice's conscience began to trouble her.

"You know," she said, "I promised Mamma that I would go out in a boat under no circumstances."

"That's all right, then," said the Red Knight. "It's just what you are doing."

"But I am *not*," said Alice.

"You are very stupid," said the Red Knight. "Suppose you said, 'I will go out in the *rain* under no umbrella.' Wouldn't that mean that you intended to go out without an umbrella?"

"It *might* mean that," said Alice.

"And suppose you said, 'I will go to bed under no blanket,' it would mean that you preferred to sleep without a blanket, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Now, were there any circumstances why you should have gone out with me in this boat?" asked the Red Knight.

"No," said Alice.

"Well, then, isn't it as plain as anything that you are going out in this boat under no circumstances?"

But Alice only began to whimper.

"I promised Mamma," she said, "that I should be home at five o'clock."

"Selfish!" said the Red Knight.

"I am not selfish," cried Alice. "I promised Mamma I'd come and I want to keep my promise."

"That's what I call selfish," said the Red Knight; "giving somebody your promise and wanting to keep it, too. I'd never be guilty of such conduct. It's like giving somebody your piece of plum pudding and wanting to keep it at the same time."

"But a promise isn't plum pudding," said Alice.

"Of course it isn't," said the Red Knight. "Plum pudding is much harder to swallow."

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"Oh, you know well enough what I mean," said Alice, quite out of patience. "It isn't the *promise* I want to keep; it's *what* I promised about."

"Oh, in that case, we quite agree," said the Red Knight. "If you give people a promise and keep something else, it's all right." And he began to row harder than ever.

"When I went to school," said the Red Knight, "I was particularly good at Riddles, Reverence, and Rithmetic."

"I've studied arithmetic in school and played riddles *after* school," said Alice, "but I don't know what you mean by Reverence."

"I'm surprised," said the Red Knight. "Reverence means doing honor to great men. For instance, when I look at myself and am reminded of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Napoleon, Mark Twain, Admiral Peary, and Joan of Arc, that means reverence. But perhaps you'd rather have me ask you riddles?"

"I think I should," said Alice.

"Very well. What's the difference between a Southern postmaster in 1908 and a Southern postmaster in 1912?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice. "What is it?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"What a queer way of asking riddles!" said Alice.

"Not at all," said the Red Knight. "What's the difference between taking a canal from Colombia and taking candy from a child?"

"I never did understand politics," said Alice. "What is it?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"Oh, pshaw," said Alice. "Please, do be sensible."

"I am sensible," said the Red Knight. "Why is George W. Perkins like the voice of the people?"

"Well, why?"

"I give it up," said the Red Knight.

"Oh, that's too absurd for anything," said Alice. "If you like to tease people, please find some one else to tease."

She walked away to one side, quite angry, and began to play with the daisies in her new spring hat. The Red Knight sat down on the river's edge and broke out crying. He wept so bitterly that Alice felt sorry for him. She came back to where he sat and said, "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." But the Red Knight only went on weeping.

"Please, do stop crying," said Alice. "Take out your handkerchief and wipe your eyes; come now."

"I can't," said the Red Knight. "I had my handkerchief in my hat, and my hat is in the ring," and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

So Alice took out her own handkerchief and wiped his streaming eyes, but still he would not stop. So, to quiet him, she said, "But you said you were good at arithmetic."

"Oh, I am," said the Red Knight, and his face grew quite radiant. "Have you ever figured out how many Governors have come out for me?"

"No," said Alice.

"Well," said the Red Knight, "there's the Governor of New Hampshire, and the Governor of West Virginia, that makes two; and the Governor of New Hampshire, that makes——"

"But you counted the Governor of New Hampshire," said Alice.

"Only once," said the Red Knight. "People say that the Governor of New Hampshire is of two minds about me—that means twice, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" said Alice.

"Of course, it does," said the Red Knight. "Then there is Kansas, which makes five, and Nebraska, which makes eleven, and California, which makes twenty-four, and New Mexico, which makes thirty-seven out of a total of forty-eight Governors."

"I don't see how you figure that out at all," said Alice.

"I do it by long addition," said the Red Knight.

ARE THE ENGLISH CRITICAL?—II.

V.

Thus far in my comparison of English criticism with that of other countries, especially France, I have been trying to show that it has suffered from the superabundance of certain virtues—imaginative fervor, moral earnestness, geniality, and humor. We still have to consider how far it has been affected by certain positive deficiencies in the English.

In the first place, they would seem, as compared with the French, to lack taste (using the word in a somewhat literal sense). In this sense, taste, as Voltaire says, is a "prompt discernment like that of the tongue or palate, and which like it anticipates reflection." The taste of the critic should be the literary equivalent of that of the connoisseurs in Sancho's story who were able to detect the flavor of iron and leather in the wine; their verdict being afterwards confirmed by the discovery of an old key with a leathern thong at the bottom of the hogshead. Sainte-Beuve, like Voltaire, was fond of insisting on this analogy between taste in the literary and taste in the physical sense, and he adds that he had noted that doctrinaires were nearly always indiscriminate eaters. M. Guizot, for example, would have eaten cardboard and never known the difference. Now, I believe that we may detect a certain coarseness in both the physical and the literary tastes of some of the great English critics. Dryden confesses that he prefers Juvenal to Horace, and there is something about this preference that coincides with what we know about Dryden's taste in food—a taste that was hearty rather than delicate. Dr. Johnson piqued himself on culinary refinement and boasted that he could write a better cook-book than had ever been seen in England, but from what Boswell and others tell us we should infer rather that he was a huge and indifferent feeder.

After all, the critic is simply a man who knows a good book when he sees it, whether the book was written yesterday or a thousand years ago, and who, if the book is good, can also tell what is its class and degree of goodness. Now, a gift of this kind must always in some measure be intuitive. According to Professor Saintsbury, it is "beyond controversy" that "Boileau has left us not a single impartial and appreciative criticism of a single author, ancient or modern." If this means that Boileau did not warm up to real excellence, it is palpably false, as the "Second Satire" to Molière and the "Seventh Epistle" to Racine would suffice to prove. Boileau was not only capable of the "enthusiastic appreciation" which, according to Professor Saintsbury, is the "highest function of criticism"; he was also capable of that judgment which is in reality its highest function. He probably made fewer mistakes in his actual verdicts than did any other critic of whom we have record; and this not because he had a code of rules, but because he backed up the rules with an almost infallible literary intuition. Johnson had the same rules, but comparatively little of the intuition; and so he praises Blackmore's "Creation," and calls "Lycidas" disgusting, and declares Fielding a barren rascal and disparages Gray. We can at least understand Cowper's point of view when he writes to Unwin: "I am convinced, by the way, that he [Johnson] has no ear for poetical numbers. Oh! I could thresh his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pocket!"

The love of fine and artistic speech would almost seem with the French an inborn aptitude. I am not, to be sure, setting up any theory of racial fatality. The French may lose their taste; indeed, there are signs of late that they are losing it; it is likewise possible that certain critical virtues that have in the past been somewhat rare among Englishmen may in the future become common. Still, the members of the French Academy, who, as we are told, spent three months examining critically one of Malherbe's poems without getting beyond the first stanzas, seem to be the legitimate descendants of the ancient Gauls, one of whose chief ambitions was, according to Cæsar, to express themselves discriminatingly (*argute loqui*).

Possibly it is the keen and intuitive response of the Frenchman to the concrete work of art that has kept him in spite of his logic and love of abstract reasoning from flying off like the German into the intense inane of æsthetic theory. We are told that during his last illness Boileau set out to read one of Crébillon's plays, but finally threw the book across the room exclaiming that the play was so bad that it was shortening his life. It is also related of Sainte-Beuve that during his last illness he got so excited in the course of an argument with Gaston Boissier as to the merits of Ovid that his physician had to warn him to desist. Now we may

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be sure that neither Boileau nor Sainte-Beuve would have been greatly stirred by learning that some German professor had just written a series of volumes to prove, let us say, that beauty is a process of "infeeling."

VI.

Mention has just been made of the French love of logic. Though this has not led them into an excess of æsthetic theorizing, it has given to their criticism method and coherency. In England we find distinguished individual critics, in France an almost symmetrical succession of critical schools. There is a sort of logical rhythm that runs through French criticism, just as there is a logical rhythm that runs through the architecture and streets of Paris compared with the architecture and streets of London. The French of course have often suffered from the excess of this their prime virtue of logical thoroughness. John Adams's saying that man is a reasoning but not a reasonable animal, would seem to apply with special force to Frenchmen. The English are fond of comparing with this logicality of the French the superior merit of their own habit of muddling along. But the superiority of the English to the French is a moral one. The English lack of clear and logical thinking is a grave defect even from the purely practical point of view. However that may be, ideas, especially since about the middle of the eighteenth century, have been uncommonly scarce in English as compared with French literature. In their stanchness and mental inflexibility the English have something that recalls the ancient Romans, whereas the intellectually versatile French have more in common with the Greeks, even though we should have to add with one of their own moralists that they are only Greeks in profile.

Critics have at times been so numerous in France that they have had to fall to criticising one another like the sword of Hudibras which

> ate into itself, for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack.

Taking the word in a broad sense and allowing for many individual exceptions, we may affirm, indeed, that the French have often suffered from an excess, the English from a deficiency of criticism. For criticism with its tendency to dissolve everything and to call all things into question has very grave dangers, dangers of which the Athenian jury had a dumb inkling when it condemned one of the greatest representatives of the critical spirit, Socrates. The intellect is fatal to earnestness, says Emerson; Goethe has said still more wisely that everything that emancipates the intellect without giving us a corresponding self-mastery is pernicious. Many Frenchmen seem to have more intellect than their character entitles them to. As M. Faguet puts it, the French character does not measure up to the French mind. On the other hand, one not infrequently encounters in England men who are giants of character, but who remain intellectually infantile. Goethe was not really inconsistent when he expressed great admiration for the Englishman and then said almost in the same breath that the "Englishman is properly speaking without intelligence" (a saying by the way that merely repeats the substance of Dryden's line: "Like true-born Britons who ne'er think at all").

The natural opposition between character and intellect is pleasantly expressed by Bagehot's boast that in "real, sound stupidity the English are unrivalled." This saving stupidity, according to Emerson, masks and protects their perception as the curtain of the eagle's eye. Burke, who could be on occasion one of the keenest of critics in his own field of political thought, shows a similar satisfaction in the intellectual imperviousness of the Englishman when he compares the radicals of his day to a few grasshoppers—"the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour, who make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shadow of the English oak, chew the cud, and are silent." This is to renew the error of Aristophanes, who refused to distinguish between Socrates and the sophists and thought it possible to check the inevitable advance of intellectual self-consciousness by falling back on a stolid Toryism. The natural working out of such a point of view is seen in the recent pathetic exhibition of Lord Hugh Cecil and his aristocratic friends with their resort to lung power, when it is so perfectly plain that only brain power will serve. Things have already reached a pass where the only hope for the conservative is to oppose a first-rate criticism of society to the second and third-rate criticisms we are now getting from the Socialists and other radicals. Unfortunately, the present crisis is finding the Englishman intellectually unprepared. His mental constitution has not been gradually hardened and inured to our modern contagions. The danger is that when he does catch ideas they may prove, like measles for the South Sea Islander, a fatal disease. It is not unusual for an Oxford student, on breaking away from traditionalism, to become an anarchist.

VII.

Another positive limitation of the English that appears in their criticism and is almost too familiar to insist upon, is their insularity. "For anything I see," said Dr. Johnson, "foreigners are fools." Something of this faith still survives in the average Englishman. In the seventeenth century Saint-Evremond complained that Frenchmen were incapable of getting outside themselves, and even went to the point of calling a man a foreigner in his own country. Nowadays this is a trait that we should associate rather with the English. I remember, indeed, once asking an English acquaintance at Paris whether he did not feel very foreign among so many people whose language he could neither speak nor understand. "No," he replied, "but these people seem very foreign to me."

Both the insularity and intellectual imperviousness of the English are more or less bound up with the splendid convention of the English gentleman. The English gentleman is distrustful of thought, but prides himself, and rightly, on being great as a man of action. Scott, the best example of the gentleman in English literature, happens to be also one of the greatest of English humorists. He can scarcely be said to display any interest in ideas except as they may be used to illustrate either individual or national humors, as we see, for example, in his treatment of the Covenanters. In striking contrast to the richness and variety of his Scottish and other humors is the monotony and colorlessness of his ladies and gentlemen, and that, as I conceive, is because his ladies and gentlemen are all governed by the same convention. Scott shows too much Tory complacency; he is too unconscious of the undermining by the French Revolution of the whole social order upon which the convention rests. In his preface to the "Human Comedy" Balzac records his indebtedness to Scott; but Balzac differs from Scott in no respect more than that his whole work is dominated by a logical idea—the attempt, namely, to show the moral disintegration that has resulted in French society from the Revolution. His novels are really a caricature of the modern French, a sinister and lurid picture of the fatal triumph of egoism in a society that has broken away from traditional religious restraint. Balzac's conception is, if not fundamentally false, at least very one-sided, though I note that M. Paul Bourget, himself a reactionary, to be sure, declares in a recent essay that Balzac has shown himself a wonderful diagnostician of the ills that have actually fallen upon modern France. The point I wish to make, however, is very similar to my previous point in comparing Addison and La Bruyère. Balzac is more intellectual and critical, Scott more genial and humorous.

VIII.

In my enumeration of the virtues and defects of the Englishman and their relation to literary criticism, I have failed as yet to speak of what is perhaps the master-instinct of the whole English-speaking race—the instinct for practi-

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cality. What logic and ideas the English have had, they have put mainly in the service of utilitarianism and scientific positivism. One is sometimes inclined to think that Bacon catching his last illness while stuffing a chicken with snow in an attempt to discover the principle of cold-storage is more typical of the English race than Shakespeare in the act of composing Hamlet. Students of comparative literature know that the foreign influence of Shakespeare, even his influence in Germany, is easily exaggerated. But wherever in the world we see smoking factory chimneys looming on the horizon we have a tribute to the potency of the Baconian influence. The gap between this utilitarian side of the English-speaking race and its imaginative side is too wide, just as the gap is too wide between Oxford and an English manufacturing town. The great representatives of the utilitarian and positivistic tradition—Bacon himself, Newton, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Bentham, Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Darwin—have had ideas a-plenty and at times plenty of logic, but in matters artistic and literary have been little better than Philistines. It would be easy to run down the list from Newton, who could see in the finest statues only stone dolls, to Herbert Spencer, who went to Homer "to study superstitions," but was so bored that he could not get beyond the sixth book; and finally to Darwin, who confessed at the end of his life he could see nothing in Shakespeare.

The ultra-utilitarians are not only as completely lost for art and literature as the Puritans, but their point of view is far more catching. We see the waves of utilitarianism rising higher and higher every year in France and Germany, and even threatening to engulf the Gothic turrets of Oxford. It is doubtful whether in a world so completely devoted to utility there will be any room for art and literature as these terms have been understood traditionally. Here again the right attitude is that of the Aristotelian. Practicality, the Aristotelian would admit, is one of the main virtues of the peoples of English descent, along with imaginative fervor, moral earnestness, geniality, and humor; but practicality pursued mechanically and one-sidedly may become a vice. And this utilitarian excess would seem to have been reached not only in England and America, but more or less in the whole Occidental world.

IX.

It would carry me quite beyond the limits of the present subject to discuss the means by which we may hope to recover sound literary standards and guard against the present drift towards a scientific and industrial materialism. One of the most obvious needs is that we should revive in ourselves the sense of literary tradition. To this end it is urgent, if I may venture to repeat what I have said elsewhere, that students and teachers of English and other modern literatures should coöperate cordially with the representatives of the ancient humanities instead of tending to ally themselves as now with the utilitarians.

But though we need to revive our sense of tradition we cannot afford to be mere traditionalists, lest we suffer from that lack of ideas which is the chief lack I have noted in English, and I may add in American, criticism. Our holding of tradition must be in the highest degree critical; that is, it must involve a constant process of hard and clear thinking, a constant adjustment, in other words, of the experience of the past to the changing needs of the present.

Who are to be our models for this right critical interpretation of the past? They are curiously hard to find in the nineteenth century, in spite of the fact that it is commonly supposed to be the most historical of centuries. There prevailed during this period two main attitudes towards the past which may be defined, respectively, as the scientific and the romantic. The man with the scientific attitude is chiefly concerned with investigating and establishing the facts of the past. The romanticist, for his part, revels in the mere picturesqueness of the facts or else takes refuge in the past from the present, uses it, as Taine would say, to create for himself an alibi. But the past should be regarded primarily neither as a laboratory for research nor as a bower of dreams, but as a school of experience. Where, then, is the man who has been fully initiated into tradition, and at the same time knows how to bring it to bear upon the present? Even Sainte-Beuve does not fully satisfy us here. He was one of the victims of that naturalistic fatalism that has lain like a blight upon the human spirit for the past fifty years or more. "Man," he says, "has the *illusion* of liberty." What is the use of knowing the past if one is not free to profit by the knowledge? We think by contrast of Goethe (whom Sainte-Beuve himself calls the king of critics), and of Goethe's saying that the chief benefit one may derive from a total study of his work is a certain sentiment of inner freedom.

Goethe, indeed, comes nearer than any other modern to what we are seeking; not the romantic or scientific Goethe, it should be added, but the humanistic Goethe, who is revealed in the conversations with Eckermann and others, and in the critical utterances of his later years. For Goethe, after having found in "Faust" the happiest formulæ for the two main forces that were to dominate the nineteenth century—scientific positivism (*Im Anfang war die Tat*) and Rousseauistic romanticism (*Gefühl ist alles*)—lived long enough to repudiate the romanticism, and, while holding fast to the science, to insist that it should keep in its proper place. As an actual practitioner of the art of criticism, he seems to me inferior to the best of the Frenchmen; but as an initiator into the critical habit of mind he is incomparable. He has assimilated not merely tradition, but all traditions, and that without ceasing to be a modern of moderns. As Sainte-Beuve puts it, he keeps watch for every new sail on the horizon, but from the height of a Sunium. He would use the larger background and perspective to round out and support his individual insight and so make of the present what it should be—not the servile imitation, nor again the blank denial of the past, but its creative continuation. "To the errors and aberrations of the hour," he says, "we must oppose the masses of universal history." He would have us cease theorizing about the absolute and learn to recognize it in its actual manifestations. This particular form of the humanistic art of seeing the One in the Many would seem especially appropriate to an age like ours that differs above all from other ages, Greek and Roman antiquity, for example, in having at its command a vaster body of verified human experience. Goethe can, therefore, be of more help than any English or French critic in solving one of our most pressing problems: that of finding standards to oppose to the scientific and utilitarian excess, on the one hand, and, on the other, to the excess of romantic impressionism. In his general History Professor Saintsbury says that Goethe's high standing as a critic is a "superstition, now somewhat stale"; which suggests that we might begin our reaction against romantic impressionism by reacting against Professor Saintsbury. His own reputation as a critic may turn out to be the real superstition. That this reputation should be as great as it is, is perhaps in itself a proof that the English are not critical.

IRVING BABBITT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A new edition, condensed and somewhat revised, of Arundell Esdaile's "Bibliography of George Meredith" is printed at the end of Vol. XXVII of the Memorial Edition of his works, recently published. Though called a "bibliography" on the title-page, it is more correctly described as a "chronological list" in the head lines. Only much abbreviated titles are given, and no collations whatever. A good bibliography of Meredith is a desideratum. As there is a strong interest at present in the first editions of Meredith among collectors, the following bibliographical notes may be of interest.

In the "Poems" (London, 1851), Meredith's first published volume, there should be found a slip of errata, showing four errors. Below the heading "Errata" is a

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short rule with a diamond-shaped expansion in the centre. At some time this slip was reprinted, the later form having a straight rule, a trifle shorter than the original. The space between the rule and the first line of text is somewhat less in the reprint than in the genuine slip. Harry E. Widener owns an important copy of the book, the errata slip of which contains an additional correction in Meredith's autograph. This seems to fix the priority of the variety with the diamond-shaped expansion in the rule.

There are two distinct editions of Meredith's third volume of verse, "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," printed in 1883, which have, heretofore, been bought and sold indiscriminately as first edition. The actual first edition was printed by R. Clay, Sons & Taylor, and has their imprint on p. vi. The second edition, page for page, has the imprint of R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh. Some copies of this volume contain an errata slip, but, in most copies, apparently, the first of the errors noted, "Revotl" for "Revolt," in the last line of p. ix, has been corrected. The presence of this error seems to indicate the earlier issue. Some copies contain a cancelled leaf for pp. 63, 64, pasted on the stub of the original leaf, which has been removed. Some copies, also, contain at the end a Catalogue of Macmillan's publications, dated "April, 1883." There are also slight variations in the binding.

The second edition, printed by R. & R. Clark, though an entire resetting, contains most of the errors indicated in the errata slip of the first edition. The most important textual difference between the two are the improved titles of three of the sonnets. These are corrected to read as follows: P. 162, "The Spirit of Shakespeare: Continued"; p. 176, "Camelus Saltat: Continued"; p. 150, "My Theme: Continued." In the first edition printed by Clay, the title of each of these three sonnets is merely "Continued."

Almost all copies of "A Reading of Life" (1901) contain two cancelled leaves, pp. 65-68, printed as a separate sheet and pasted on the stub of one of the original leaves which have been removed. We have never seen a copy containing the originals.

At least three "separates," or early pulls, from the types of poems contributed by Meredith to magazines have been preserved. These are:

(1.) "Mother to Babe." A leaflet, one page, verso blank. Apparently printed from the types of the *English Illustrated Magazine* for October, 1886. It is without the illustration by William Meredith, which was printed on the same page when the poem appeared in the magazine. In the magazine, also, there was a page-number "25" besides printing on the reverse of the leaf.

(2.) "The Appeasement of Demeter." Four pages, numbered [1], 2, 3, and 4, the page numbers in the centre, and without headlines. Apparently printed from the types as set for *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, 1887. In the magazine it is paged 374 to 377, and occupies three leaves, there being other printing on pages 373 and 378. There are also head-lines.

(3.) "Outside the Crowd." A leaflet, one page, verso blank. Printed, apparently, from the types of the *National Review* for September, 1896, where the poem was first published. In the magazine there was printing on the reverse, also the page-numbers "25" and "26."

These cannot, strictly speaking, be called proof-sheets, but are pulls from the types after corrections had been made.

The private, unauthorized, first edition of "Jump to Glory Jane," of which fifty copies were printed in 1889 as a little pamphlet of sixteen pages, the last blank, was not mentioned in the first edition of Esdaile's "Bibliography," but is included in the "Chronological List."

Another private reprint, "Twenty Poems by George Meredith," being a collection of pieces contributed by him to *Household Words* between 1850 and 1856, issued in an edition of twenty-five copies only, in 1909, is not noted by Esdaile. These poems, when they appeared in *Household Words*, were unsigned, but their authenticity is proved by the office record of the magazine. Two other poems published in the same magazine in 1850 were, with some alterations, reprinted by Meredith himself in his first volume, published the next year, 1851.

"George Meredith and the Monthly Observer" is the title of an essay by Maurice Buxton Forman, of which twenty-one copies were printed privately in London last year, and which will interest Meredith collectors. The *Monthly Observer* was a manuscript magazine, of which Meredith was one of the editors and contributors, and which contains his earliest literary works known to be extant. Only five numbers are known, Nos. 11, 13, 14, 15, and 16, for January, March, April, May, and June, 1849. These were sold at Sotheby's about a year ago.

L. S. Livingston.

Correspondence

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE RECALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comments on Mr. Roosevelt's address before the Ohio Constitutional Convention have varied as much perhaps as the popular idea of how Constitutions should be construed will vary. While there is much that is fundamentally moral and well said in the address, there are parts which I think, and even more strongly feel, are unsound. We should scrutinize rigidly those doctrines which appear to touch the welfare of the masses when they come from one who depends preëminently on the masses for his following.

Mr. Roosevelt's position, as I understand it, is essentially this: that the people have, by their Constitution, expressed, or attempted to express, their will as to the fundamental law which they desire to govern them; that their servants, the judges, are selected to interpret the fundamental law so that it will be in accord with the will of the people. As conditions change the will of the people may change, and the interpreters who are to apply the Constitution as the touchstone are to do so in a manner to fit actual conditions of life at the time the construction is called for. There should be, in the main, no quarrel with this view, provided it were admitted that conditions might so change as to make it impossible to interpret even the most pliable Constitution to fit them. In other words, certain parts of a Constitution might become antiquated. Mr. Roosevelt would not advocate a construction directly opposed to every conceivable meaning of the words of the Constitution or a resort to fiction simply to make a highly favored law constitutional. In such cases there would be reason for amendment.

But Mr. Roosevelt takes the further position that the final decision as to the construction of the Constitution should rest with the people. This view presupposes a higher order of intelligence and greater popular grasp of fundamentals than even the people of Edward Bellamy's Utopia possessed. It is a flattering homage to the masses by a man who depends on those masses for the support of his ideas. To hold that their judgment could be other than sound would be self-condemnatory on his part.

This plan, if adopted, would nullify one of the primary purposes of Constitutions. State Constitutions are meant to provide a sufficient bulwark against the momentary impulses of the people, and to postpone action, by making it difficult, in order to ascertain whether the ills suffered are really permanent and due to the supposed causes. Carried to its logical conclusion, it might be argued that where the people, through their agents, the legislators, pass a favored law, they at once express their decision as to the meaning they want attached to their Constitution, and that it would be the duty of the judge to construe the Constitution so as to conform to that law. This assumes that the construing judge knows the prevailing opinion in regard to that law. And is the converse true? If a judge is of the opinion that the law will not promote the ends of justice, or, rather, if he is of the opinion that the people think it would not promote justice, would it be correct for him to interpret the Constitution in all cases so as to invalidate the law?

Mr. Roosevelt quotes Lincoln: "With Lincoln, I hold that this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right to amend." How different is this statement of Lincoln's from advocating that the final tribunal for the construction of the Constitution should be the people themselves. Lincoln was too sound a thinker and endowed with too high an order of practical judgment to advocate such a doctrine. He believed that the power of government resided in the people. He also knew that the people, by their own free will, and by means of this very power, placed limitations on the ease with which they could use their power and thus prescribed a constitutional method of amending.

There is merit in the statement that a judge who has outgrown his usefulness should no longer remain in office. There is merit in the statement that there should be some method of retiring judges who have become so steeped in the technical dead letter of the law that by their decisions they thwart all reasonable reform. But in such a matter the method is everything. The plan of recall as applied to the judiciary presents grave doubts. It is not so much the effect which the actual recall of a judge or which the power of recall will have on remaining judges, but the power

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of threat which such an institution furnishes. Unscrupulous attorneys with a political backing may make use of it covertly and indirectly to influence decisions, especially when the question before the court has a political or quasi-political tinge.

And it must be remembered that the recall is a measure which is likely to be abused more and more as its ease of usefulness is better understood. More than most measures, its good effects will teach the way to misuse. JAMES H. WOLFE.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 15.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE RECALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The public elementary schools of this country are often blamed for the faults and ignorance of the ordinary citizen, and it is comforting, therefore, to come across a good piece of work that may fairly be credited to the American schoolmaster. It is an easy thing to teach and not difficult for the pupil to understand that in theory, at least, the laws in the United States are made by the Legislature, but are interpreted and applied by the judiciary.

Given this simple elementary fact, well hammered into the youngster's head, together with the subsidiary fact that a judge who respects his oath of office must decide strictly according to laws laid down for him by another branch of the Government over which he has no control, the conclusion is inevitable that the remedy for miscarriage of justice, in the absence of moral obliquity of the court, is to be sought in reforming the law, and not in assailing the judge. Indeed, it should seem as if the American people were beginning to see that a judge who should distort and nullify a law that seemed to him unjust, would usurp functions foreign to his office, and, worse than that, set a precedent that would upset all established commercial, moral, and industrial relations of society.

There are, of course, many other aspects of the case against the recall of judges, but they all depend on the fundamental fact that, with us, the laws are not made by the courts that interpret and apply them.

That this simple and single fact has been well drilled into the heads of the present generation is to the credit of the American schoolmaster. E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, March 20.

THE NERVOUS DEBILITY OF JAPANESE ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I say that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art, opened last November in Uyeno Park, nor, let me add, from any other exhibition I have seen in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? So it is. My mind recalls this moment a certain clever English critic, who said it was life that imitated art; but here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic. The best possible course art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation; I know, of course, there is a moment even for imitation, when it almost becomes creation. The question is how you imitate. And what does the Japanese art imitate? What it imitates is the Western art as the life here copies the civilization beyond the seas. When it tells something, I thank God, it is from its sad failure; indeed, the present Japanese art is a lost art, since it explains nothing, alas, unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, but the general condition of life. It is cast down from its high pedestal.

I do not know exactly what simplicity means, when the word is used in connection with our old art; however, it is true we see a peculiar unity in it, which was cherished under the influence of India and China, and always helped to a classification and analysis of the means through which the artists worked. And the poverty of subjects was a strength for them; they valued workmanship, or the right use of material, rather than the material itself; instead of style and design, the intellect and atmosphere. They thought the means to be the only path to Heaven. But it was before the Western art had invaded Japan; that art told them of the end of art, and laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art. It said: "It is true that you have some scent, but it is already faded; you have refinement, but it is not quite true to nature and too far away." Indeed, it is almost sad to see the artists troubled by the Western influence which they accepted, in spite of themselves; I can see in the present exhibition or any other exhibition that many of them have long ago lost their faith by spiritual calamity, and it is seldom to see them able to readjust their own minds under such a mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental. Is it not, after all, merely a waste of energy? And how true it is with all the other phenomena of the present life, their Oriental retreat and Occidental rush.

Again here are so many pictures which are the works of workmen bored, after the Western fashion, sometimes offensive, often overstrenuous, their personal vanity being too clear, as well as the loss of the humanity and love that always went with the better old art. You do not know what bad effect Millet, Corot, and others had upon the artists who thought their *genre* pictures quite adoptable; but they did not know, as it seems to me, that the real realism was not a matter of mere external aspect. It was the literature, I mean the novels, first, that cast away offhand the old ideals earned through sacrifice and pain, and even laughed wildly with De Maupassant and other "Madmen" as if they thought nakedness was the happiest thing they had found out; well, that is not entirely bad as a protest or temporary change. When I say that the present Japanese art, too, is moved by such a tendency, I do not mean that it makes a kotow before the shrine of realism, but that it has sadly strayed from subjectivity, the only one citadel where the old Japanese art rose and fell; I wonder if it is not paying a too tremendous price only to gain a little objectivity of the West.

This morning I was informed by the press that the four Government Exhibition jurors of the old Japanese school had suddenly resigned, saying that their opinions and desire to preserve the time-honored art intact had been always insulted, jeered, and laughed at by the other jurors of the Western imitation, who always outnumbered them. The resigning jurors published their proclamation to the effect that the real Japanese art was dying. I murmured to myself: "This is the autumn of life and the country when the leaves and art are falling."

Our Japanese life, indeed, suffers from nervous debility as a result of the wholesale Western invasion, under which we have become spiritual gypsies, losing our own homes. YONE NOGUCHI.

Kamakura, Japan, February 9.

SASHOK AND SASHKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have supposed these many years that in Russian the name Sashok was a pet abbreviation for Alexander, and that Sashka was the corresponding girl's name. Certainly the little Russian boy who lived in the house with me, in Geneva, was invariably called Sashok by his elder brother and by his tutor. And Rembrandt's famous painting, in the Dresden gallery, of himself, and his wife sitting on his knee and drinking a glass of champagne, is commonly known among Germans as Die Sashka. But now it seems that in Andreiev's new novel, soon to appear under the title "Sashka Zigulev," the titular hero is the son of an old general. Will not some one of your Slavic scholars enlighten me? M.

New York, March 21.

THE HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of February 29th, Professor Bellows cleverly explains that "Hamlet" and Dr. Johnson will not suffer if high school students cease to write about them. This is only too true, but it is just as true that the student, as well as the high school he represents, will suffer when he takes his college entrance examination if he cannot write "a perfectly meaningless little essay on 'Dr. Johnson and his Club' or 'Was Hamlet Mad?'". The high school teacher, however, has at least one legitimate motive for assigning theme topics which colleges force upon us and then ridicule. In sheer self-defence, the teacher of English, haunted by visions of ungraded themes and test papers, must combine the study of the classics and the writing of themes in a vain attempt to kill two sparrows with one wax bullet.

We devote the first two years to a mastery of the principles of rhetoric with a slight mixture of philology; in the third and fourth years, we survey the history of American and English literature. In addition each year we study *intensively* in class six classics and read four others at

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home. We also require at least one theme a week, generally based upon the classics read. You can readily see that the student is meeting the college entrance requirements with a vengeance.

The teacher of English is apparently the general factotum of the school. Literary societies, school publications, and the coaching of debating teams come as dessert after the *pièce de résistance* in the form of five classes each day. Classes in English are never small and never select. Students are required to take it, and the teacher is required to get them through it. The high school teacher may not be so independent as the college professor, and of necessity considerations other than the student's ability enter into his being "passed." We polish the pebble with the same tools, if not with the same fervor, we polish the diamond, and after four years we send him to the college—a finished pebble.

The college trains the teacher of English, prescribes what he is to teach, and is horrified at the result. A similar attitude is maintained by the high school towards the grade teacher, who defiantly places the blame upon heredity. This would be amusing were it not so tragic. The student blames everything or nothing; the student likewise pays the fiddler. The high school teacher as well as the college professor sees the farcical side of the teaching of English, and just as earnestly seeks relief.

J. W. IRWIN.

Central High School, Muskogee, Okla., March 18.

Literature

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman: Based on His Private Journals and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

A biography of the great convert which gives only a single chapter to the events of his life down to and including his conversion, and devotes the remainder of two bulky volumes to his experiences in the Roman Church, might seem to resemble "Hamlet" with the prince left out. For this outrageous disproportion Mr. Ward is not altogether responsible. The story of the early years and conversion has already been related by Newman himself in the "Apologia," and this has been supplemented by the two volumes of his letters edited by his sister-in-law, Miss Mozley. It was Newman's own desire that nothing should be added to those records by his present official biographer. Mr. Ward's work, therefore, should properly be read, not as a complete and independent memoir, but as a continuation of Miss Mozley's record. We are bound to say, however, that even with this reservation, the present volumes err somewhat in proportion. Newman was seldom at his best as a letter-writer, and a good deal of the correspondence now printed is, in our judgment, neither necessary to an understanding of Newman's character nor entertaining in itself. Much also of his life after 1845 was passed amid petty, thwarting circumstances; and the tale of these eccelesiastical intrigues will seem to the taste of most readers somewhat too finely-spun. For the rest, Mr. Ward's difficult task has been admirably and courageously carried through. When he himself takes the pen in hand his narrative and characterization are clear, succinct, and interesting. His balance of judgment, however it may appear to those more concerned in the questions at issue, seems to the present reviewer a notable achievement. His tact is particularly in evidence when he deals with such delicate matters as the negotiations at Rome over the Cardinalate; evidently he feels something slippery and unfair in the acts of Manning and Talbot, but at the critical point he merely quotes documents without committing himself on the question of veracity. On the other hand, though his work as a whole is distinctly a vindication of Newman, he by no means attempts to dissimulate the weaker sides of the Cardinal's own character. Perhaps we can best express our opinion of the writer's honesty by saying that we know of no book composed by a Catholic which is more likely to deter sympathizers with the church from entering the bondage of Rome.

At the close of the chapter which includes the conversion Mr. Ward quotes the beautiful words of Principal Shairp on the effect of what seemed to Anglicans an act of apostasy:

> How vividly comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not of long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers, and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of thought. But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of those marvellous sermons would thrill them till they wept "abundant and most sweet tears." Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his.

With no desire to intrude into the debate between Anglican and Roman, with interest centred rather upon the purely human aspect of the act, one may well feel, even to-day, something of that deep chagrin which Principal Shairp and Matthew Arnold and other contemporaries expressed. Not for Oxford controversialists alone, but for all who draw their spiritual sustenance from English literature, that event was, if not the silencing, at least the muffling, of a magic voice; say what one will, there was something in Newman's conversion of personal defection, a betrayal of the will, and, despite the fact that his greatest work is just the "Apologia" for his change, he was debarred by his surrender from taking the supreme place as an English author or as a religious leader which belonged to him by birthright.

And this is the lesson we read in Mr. Ward's narrative of the years from the conversion to the end. It was as if the convert, by altering his direction, had suddenly brought himself face to face with a stone wall. To every plan he broached for new activity came the benumbing reply, *Non possumus*, if it was not *Non possis*. He was, as it were, hemmed in, barked at by opposition on every side, beaten down by exasperating distrust and envy. Mr. Ward tells with valiant honesty all the plans of the convert that were balked in one way or another. The difficulties that beset him as editor, as rector of the Irish Catholic University, and as promoter of a propaganda in Oxford to influence the intellectual life of England, are typical of his career. In the end, when his active years were past and he could no longer disturb those in authority, he received due recognition in the Cardinalate, and his closing days were, we like to believe, crowned with a great peace. It is true also that more than once in his bitter years, with a tone of conviction it would be dishonorable to question, he repudiated the suggestion of regret over his move. In his saddest moment he could write—*ex animo*, as he said—"that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions." He could distinguish clearly between the church and its rulers:

> To-day is the 20th anniversary of my setting up the Oratory in England, and every year I have more to thank God for, and more cause to rejoice that He helped me over so great a crisis—Since A.B. obliges me to say it, this I cannot omit to say:—I have found in the Catholic Church abundance of courtesy, but very little sympathy, among persons in high place, except a *few*—but there is a depth and a power in the Catholic religion, a fulness of satisfaction in its creed, its theology, its rites, its sacraments, its discipline, a freedom yet a support also, before which the neglect or the misapprehension about oneself on the part of individual living persons, however exalted, is as so much dust, when weighed in the balance. This is the true secret of the Church's strength, the principle of its indefectibility, and the bond of its indissoluble unity. It is the earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.

Yet it is true nevertheless that he resented keenly and sometimes denounced sharply not only the thwarting of his personal ambitions, but also the limitations imposed upon his intellectual and spiritual mission. He who felt himself born to be a leader of his people found himself suddenly thrust into ignoble ob-

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scurity. To his beloved Ambrose St. John he wrote, in 1857: "To the rising generation, to the sons of those who knew me, or read what I wrote fifteen or twenty years ago, I am a mere page of history. . . . It was at Oxford, and by my Parochial sermons, that I had influence—all that is past." And three years later, in the intimacy of his diary, he could exclaim: "O my God, I seem to have wasted these years that I have been a Catholic. What I wrote as a Protestant has had far greater power, force, meaning, success than my Catholic works, and this troubles me a great deal." It is not strange that his inner vision was at times perturbed, his faith almost touched. "As years go on," he records in his diary, "I have less sensible devotion and inward life." He even notes a change in his physical expression: "Till the affair of No. 90 and my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face—and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding." Inevitably as this feeling of failure and loneliness deepened, he contrasted the poverty of the present with the actual power and richer promise of his Oxford career. There is a pathetic letter written in 1863 to Keble, who had begun the Oxford movement with him, or even before him, but had drawn back at the edge of the precipice—a letter whose closing words are, as it were, the revelation of a great and hidden tragedy:

> I have said all this, knowing it will interest you. Never have I doubted for one moment your affection for me, never have I been hurt at your silence. I interpreted it easily—it was not the silence of others. It was not the silence of men, nor the forgetfulness of men, who can recollect about me and talk about me enough, when there is something to be said to my disparagement. You are always with me a thought of reverence and love, and there is nothing I love better than you, and Isaac, and Copeland, and many others I could name, except Him Whom I ought to love best of all and supremely. May He Himself, Who is the over-abundant compensation for all losses, give me His own Presence, and then I shall want nothing and desiderate nothing, but none *but* He *can* make up for the loss of those old familiar faces which haunt me continually.

It would be easy to exaggerate, possibly the tone of Mr. Ward's narrative tempts one to exaggerate, the sadder aspect of Newman's life in the Catholic Church. It must not be forgotten that his "Apologia," which contains some of the most beautiful religious writing of the age, his "Idea of a University," and other works which will not be forgotten, were written after his conversion. But we repeat that the more deeply one considers his career, the more thoroughly is one convinced that the act of 1845 was something of a *gran rifiuto;* in succumbing to an authority which promised to allay the anguish of his intellect he rejected the great mission of the imagination that he might have fulfilled. For at bottom it was as a poet of the mystic imagination, and not as a logician or theologian, that he affected the men of his generation, and might have affected them more profoundly and permanently had he remained true to himself. The mere physical change from the glories and haunting traditions of the colleges of Oxford to the blank and utter newness of the Oratory at Edgbaston took away one of the props of his imagination. The feeling that he no longer belonged to the faith of the great body of his countrymen, but was regarded by them, whether rightly or wrongly, as one of a sect, deprived him of that support of sympathy which was necessary to the full unfolding of his genius.

Newman, as we have seen, speaks of the contraction of his features under the stress of his new life. The word, to one who examines his later portraits, does not seem quite precise; the marks of struggle are visible enough, but signs of contraction, in the sense of hardening or strengthening, we do not see. The mouth is strong, but the lines are a little relaxed; the eyes are veiled and look wistfully beyond what is immediately before them to some visionary hope; the brow is high and wrinkled transversely from the perplexity of an inner conflict. Something has gone out of this face, the contact with individual facts has been broken, and in its place has come the sweetness of self-surrender, the submissive pride of one who has given up much that he may find all—if haply he has found.

This, in the end, must be our reservation in the praise due to Newman's beautiful life, that he stopped short of that purest faith which demands no revelation and is dependent on no logic, but is content within itself. It is written: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." He was not strong enough to hold fast to the actual facts of life and to discern his vision of peace quite apart from their illusory sphere, but found it necessary to surrender the discordance of experience for a divine law within them. There is a sentence in a letter of Cardinal Wiseman which comes naturally to memory when one thinks of the agony through which the later prelate was to pass. Speaking of his own struggle as a young man in Rome, Wiseman wrote:

> I was fighting with subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiendlike infidelity which I durst not confide to any one, for there was no one that could have sympathized with me. This lasted for years; but it made me study and think, to conquer the plague—for I can hardly call it danger—both for myself and for others. . . . But during the actual struggle the simple submission of faith is the only remedy. *Thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue—put away.*

There is the quick of the matter: *thoughts against faith must be treated at the time like temptations against any other virtue—put away.* The sentiment, it must be admitted, recalls a little the original metaphor of Hobbes: "For it is with the mysteries of our religion as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure, but, chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." The same idea occurs over and over again in Newman's writings, is, in fact, the very basis of his logical system. In an era which assailed him with unanswerable doubts he could not lift his faith to those serene certainties which need no confirmation of the reason and from which his imagination might draw the substance of healing visions for his people. He was not strong enough to accept skepticism and rise above it; in identifying dogma and faith he, the man of perhaps the finest religious nature of the century, failed his country at her hour of greatest need.

CURRENT FICTION.

Odd Numbers. By Sewell Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode.

"Most of us are so shy of lettin' go of any sentiments that can't be had on a rubber stamp that it takes a mighty small twist to put a person in the queer class." This remark, as its author, Shorty McCabe, might say, makes one think of John Stuart Mill's line of talk, though it's not exactly in his lingo. "Shorty," the narrator of these tales, as a philosopher recalls not only Mill, but Mr. Dooley; as a story-teller he owes something to O. Henry. He is an expugilist of wide observation and experience who conducts a Physical Culture Studio on Forty-second Street. He is especially interested in "odd numbers," that is to say, persons in the queer class, and he describes a motley and entertaining group of them. The formula on which most of the stories are constructed is simple. Begin with a bit of conversation or moralizing, not necessarily relevant, but calculated to rouse curiosity; then introduce your "odd number," who, though odd, usually represents some tolerably familiar type; old-fashioned grandmother or aunt from the country, imaginative and impecunious promoter, mental-healing crank, or girl from the backwoods who has a little money and means to "take in" New York. Describe the queer one briskly, and then let him do something which is not only queer, but altogether aside from his normal line of queerness; or else let him succeed contrary to all probability in his simple and child-like plan. On this theme a good many variations are possible; but the stories owe their

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interest not so much to formula or variations as to diction. Mr. Ford uses a large slang vocabulary with considerable aptness and freshness.

The Great Gay Road. By Tom Gallon. New York: Brentano's.

The audacious vagabond has had many abler apologists than the present writer. Indeed, a desire to emulate the successful performances of Mr. Farnol *et al.* would seem to have been this aspirant's sole qualification. Certainly his tale is without any saving grace of imagination or of diction. For plot, one clever idea suffices. Thanks to the nightly candle and the unlocked window, which for twenty years have invited the return of Sir Crispin Vickery's long-lost son, two hungry tramps obtain access to a comfortable London establishment. One of them is mistaken for the overdue prodigal, and welcomed accordingly. By this point, unfortunately, the author has quite exhausted his ingenuity. There is not the slightest flavor of adventure about any of the ensuing incidents. No more successful is the characterization. A highly disagreeable impostor is this Hilary Tolfrey Kite, a mere impudent windbag. His henchman, Perkins, is a nondescript adult waif, whose gutter slang is not even amusing. Less grotesque but even more wooden are the martinet Sir Crispin, his downtrodden maiden sister, their pretty young niece, her youthful lover, and the faithful family servant—the stockiest of stock characters, one and all.

The Way of an Eagle. By E. M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The heroine is placed in the embarrassing position of owing her life to a suitor who inspires her with much the same sentiments that a young rabbit might entertain towards a hovering bird of prey. It is the immense difficulty of habituating her to his presence that chiefly retards the courtship. Other people found him charming, in spite of his monkey-like agility and leanness, his yellow, wrinkled face, his claw-like hands, his sunken but fiercely gleaming eyes, "like the eyes of an eagle." But the fastidious fair one viewed this physical make-up with uncontrollable repugnance. The hero's handicap was also heavily increased by gruesome memories of their Anglo-Indian adventures in common—the horrors of a siege in a hill-country fort, the grim promise that constituted him her protector (to shoot her rather than to let her fall into the hands of the hostile natives), the stray tribesman he killed before her eyes, not to mention the summarily administered opiate which obviated her initial opposition to being rescued at all. But "Omnia vincit Amor" is the motto, and the extraordinary patience of the lover in time prevails over the extraordinary reluctance of the maiden, although it is first necessary to them both to journey home to England and back again, for Nick to lose an arm and Muriel her alternative lover, and for more than one mutual friend to fall grievously ill that they may be associated in bedside vigils.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Vol. I. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

Thirty-one years have passed since the appearance of the "Early History of Charles James Fox," the merits of which received immediate recognition. Sir George resumes the biography, but now connects it with his history of the American Revolution. By 1778 the policy of coercing the revolted colonies had failed, and the Royal Peace Commission had ended its labors by the issue of a proclamation which announced the King's attitude. After three years of costly war, waged without distraction from a foreign enemy, the King held only New York, and outside of that city not another mile of territory in the northern and central colonies. He now proposed to harass the States into submission, determined never to recognize their independence. A few leading points would be occupied, the seaport towns plundered and burnt, and Indian incursions against the frontier settlements encouraged. The capture of Charleston seemed to assure the complete reduction of the more Southern States. The descent of Arnold upon Virginia and Connecticut, the desultory operations in the North, the defeat of Gates at Camden, and even the treachery of Arnold, were the fruits of this policy, cruel to both colonists and loyalists. The war became an international war. France openly sided with America, and other European governments gave aid or sympathy.

Interest thus centres upon the course of events in Europe, and the English commanders in America were deliberately sacrificed to the political exigencies at home. Mr. Adams has shown that the generals were not of a high order in strategy, and had failed to display qualities necessary to success. Sir George indicates one leading cause of their shortcomings—they were subject to the stifling atmosphere of political intrigue and official dishonesty. Liberal appropriations were made, but they were squandered with little result and under ill-considered instructions. Barrington, Germaine, and Sandwich, plotting against the best officers in army and navy, directing the campaigns from Downing Street, issuing contradictory orders or none at all, and bent upon enriching their followers, offer Sir George subjects for a series of brilliant portraits, and they do not lose in effect by his comparing North's Cabinet with that of Chatham.

To expel these men from office, and to reform the system of court subsidy and favoritism under which they could continue in power became the leading questions in Great Britain, and so the Senate came to be more important than the camp. For the period of the American Revolution the most distinguished reputations made were those of civilians, not soldiers, and among the civilians, after the death of Chatham, Burke and Fox stood preëminent. The one, says Sir George, was the precise complement of the other. Burke thundered against the ill-tempered proclamation of the Peace Commission, the employment of Indians, the corrupt and extravagant expenditures, and the restrictions on Ireland and the Catholics. Fox sought to drive Germaine and Sandwich from office. He denounced the sacrifice of Burgoyne's army and the state of unpreparedness for war with France; he supported Keppel when under trial for his life; he attacked Sandwich for his incompetence, for the demoralization of the navy; and he sought to obtain a wider hearing for public measures.

This "opposition" policy suffered temporary defeat because the King could purchase support by direct bribery or by a drastic use of patronage. Further, the British public could not know what was being done by Parliament or by Ministers. The majority of the members of Parliament were too closely bound to the King to be representatives of the people, and the debates in the House on questions of moment remained unknown to the country, no reporters or spectators being permitted in the gallery during such debates. The news from the seat of war was doctored for the public consumption:

> Washington's army was killed several times over, and died several times over of hunger and disease, in the columns of the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Chronicle*. The history of Burgoyne's operations took a fantastic shape in the inspired newspapers.

The affair of King's Mountain was called a "ridiculous rumor"; Washington appeared as deserting the American cause, and yet again as plotting in an extraordinary manner against London and the shipyards. The public knew only what the subsidized press found its interest to print, and could read only such speeches as were written out by the speakers, the "very burlesque of parliamentary reporting." Fox procured a greater degree of publicity, which told in favor of the "opposition."

Fox is represented as one who has outlived the follies of his youth, yet as retaining to the full the qualities which charm, and as seeking only the national welfare with a generous self-sacrifice

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and whole-souled patriotism. Once a member of North's Administration, he had not committed himself on American questions, and after 1778 he was the undisputed leader of the Opposition in the Commons. Not only eloquent, he had a policy. In the face of war with France and Spain he would leave America alone, until these European enemies had been defeated, believing that the Americans would act lukewarmly when the contest was transferred to Europe, where their interests were small. Defence at home and victory against the hereditary enemies of Britain formed the cardinal features of his policy. In seeking its attainment, he suffered temporary defeat, but he brought into prominence the dangers of court influence as exemplified by the King and his ministers.

On the style of this volume little need be said, for the high qualities of Sir George as a compiler and narrator are well known. His digressions, such as those on social life in the country, on Brooks's Club, and on landscape gardening, are interesting and do not interrupt the relation of the political history. He depends too unquestioningly upon Isaac Arnold's life of Benedict Arnold, and it was a letter from Howe, not Gage, that Washington refused to receive. Certainly, no fault can be found with his judgments on American affairs. Though he is no cool partisan, and deals gently with the shortcomings of George III and the good-natured North, his distribution of praise and blame commends itself by its good foundation in balanced and thorough investigation.

Modern Riding and Horse Education. By Major Noel Birch, Royal Horse Artillery of Great Britain. New York: William R. Jenkins Co. $2.

It is always refreshing to find an Englishman who gives consideration enough to horsemanship to lead him away, for however brief a time, from the claims of the hunter and the cross-country course. But the world moves in the matter of horse education even if it does forget and return periodically to rediscover the essentials and glibly to argue the points mooted by succeeding generations of horse lovers. Major Birch has faithfully endeavored to qualify himself as a writer on the subject of the horse by reading the long procession of books from Xenophon down to the idealistic volume on the "Psychology and Training of the Horse" by Cesaresco.

The resulting volume is interesting in many ways, but in none more than the frank manner in which he states his views of the methods of numerous reputed masters of the subject. The conclusions reached on many points accord with the experience of students generally. It is readily observed that Major Birch has honestly tried to let in some light to his fox-hunting, cross-country brethren, to the effect that there is really something worth while in a well-balanced animal, trained for general purposes under the saddle. To present this view has long been regarded as a hopeless task, even in the British cavalry and field artillery.

As far back as 1839 American officers were sent to the justly celebrated French Cavalry School at Saumur to acquire a knowledge of equitation and mounted drill regulations. The influence of their work upon the regular cavalry still lingered, but the source of this influence was forgotten, until Saumur was rediscovered by one of our accomplished military attachés. The result of the reawakening has been to extend a knowledge of equitation throughout the American service and to create on all sides a desire to reëstablish our rapidly disappearing breeds of worthy saddle horses.

The advantage of such a volume as Major Birch's arises from his discussion of balance, grip, the use of the reins, the jumping seat, and various details of riding and training the horse from the point of view of one who has been an unprejudiced seeker after truth. In America the methods of Fillis have appealed strongly to students of equitation and his discourses have been accepted as authoritative, but there is always room for such a volume as "Modern Riding and Horse Education" where the absence of dogmatic theories will appeal to those who ride for pleasure and who prefer a trained, well-balanced horse, particularly one made so by instruction of its owner. The Horse Shows are giving evidence constantly that the public is acquiring a better appreciation of horsemanship in distinction from mere ability to ride difficult animals. If the present revival of the popularity of the horse continues for a reasonable time, the nation will be the beneficiary in more ways than one. The automobile will answer for getting about in town, but for country life nothing can take the place of the horse.

Notes

John Muir's guidebook to "The Yosemite," together with "Captain Martha Mary," by Avery Abbott, and C. H. Claudy's "The Battle of Base-Ball," will be brought out by the Century Co. next month.

Beethoven's love-affair with the Countess Guicciardi has been made the subject of a Swedish novel, "Quasi, Una Fantasia"; the book will be issued in English form by Sturgis & Walton Co.

A handbook on Bahaism is in preparation by Longmans; the author is Francis H. Skrine.

The Yale University Press announces for publication in the spring or early summer Stewart L. Mim's "The Commercial Policy of Colbert toward the French West Indies." It is a study based upon researches in the archives of France.

Macmillans will have ready in April a new edition of Joseph Conrad's first book, "Almayer's Folly," and "Marcus Alonzo Hanna; His Life and Works," by Herbert Croly.

The "Fame Seekers," by Alice Woods, shortly to be published by Doran, is a story of Parisian life.

An authoritative account of the history and activity of the Jewish national movement from the earliest times to the present day will soon be issued by the Zionist Central Office, Berlin, through W. Speaight & Sons of London. The pamphlet, which is written by Israel Cohen, is entitled "The Zionist Movement: Its Aims and Achievements."

"The Revival of Printing: a Bibliographical Catalogue of the Works Issued by the Chief Modern English Presses," edited by Robert Steele, is a work which Macmillan will publish in April for the Medici Society of London. The volume will be issued in three different styles, and is specially prepared for the student of modern printing.

March 30 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin Co. for the publication of the following books: "Polly of the Hospital Staff," by Emma C. Dowd; "A Child's Journey with Dickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Tales of a Greek Island," by Julia D. Dragoumis; "The Home-Made Kindergarten," by Nora Archibald Smith, and, for the Riverside Press edition, "Lines of Battle, and Other Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, with an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

Four new volumes are announced by Dana Estes & Co. in their Beautiful Ireland series: "Ulster," "Leinster," "Munster," and "Connaught."

The same house has in the press "A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda," by the Rev. Edward St. Clair Weeden, and "John Lavery and His Work," by Walter Shaw-Sparrow.

Among the books which Putnams will shortly issue are: "The Comedy of Catherine the Great," by Francis H. Gribble; "The Devil's Wind," by Patricia Wentworth; a revised edition of "The Social Evil," with new material covering the years 1902-1911, edited by Prof. R. A. Seligman; "My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe," being the Memoirs of the Baroness von Hedemann; "Leaflets from Italy," by M. Nataline Crumpton, and "The Heroic Age," a book dealing with the early heroic poetry and traditions of the Teutonic peoples, by H. M. Chadwick.

The list of E. P. Dutton & Co. includes, in biography and history: "The Life of Hiuen-Tsiang," by Hwui Li and Yen-Tsung; "The Life or Legend of Gaudama, the Buddha of the Burmese," by the Rev. P. Bigandet; "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey," by Richard Davey; "The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt, C.I.E.," by J. N. Gupta; "Thomas De Witt Talmage," an autobiography; "The Making of Western Europe," by Prof. C. R. L. Fletcher; "Modern England," by Louis Cazamian, and "A History of the Renaissance," Temple Cyclopedic Primers, by B. F. Oldham.—General literature: "Poetry and Prose: Essays on English Poetry," by A. A. Jack; "A Book of Scoundrels," "Studies in Frankness,"

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"The Pageantry of Life," all three by Charles Whibley; "Posthumous Essays," by Churton Collins, edited by C. L. Collins; "First and Last," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Views of Vanoc," essays by Arnold White; "Neighborhood," by Ticknor Edwards; "Modern Tariff History; Germany, United States, France," by P. Ashley; "Animal Life in Africa," by J. Stevenson Hamilton; "Inland Transport," by E. A. Pratt; "Two Visits to Denmark," by Edmund Gosse; "The Creed of Half Japan: Sketches of Historical Buddhism," by Arthur Lloyd; "The Irish Harpers, with a Memoir of Edward Bunting," by Charlotte Milligan Fox; "A Magician in Many Lands," by Charles Bertram; "Rowlandson's Oxford," by A. Hamilton Gibbs; "The Evidence of the Supernatural," by Ivor D. Tuckett; "North Sea Fishers and Fighters," by Walter Wood; "English Philosophers and Schools of Philosophy," by Prof. James Seth, and "Practical Library Administration," by W. S. S. Rae.

In "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus" (Macmillan), Prof. Henry C. Vedder of Crozer Theological Seminary sketches the history of Socialistic principles, defines the fundamental principles of present-day Socialism, and compares these principles with the ethics of Jesus. He promises to make this investigation "not as the champion of any social theory, or the briefed defender of any social system, but in as impartial and candid a spirit as possible, as a student of history, of the Scriptures, of economics. of social institutions." Candor and impartiality stay by the author in the first few chapters, in which he discusses the social enthusiasms of the Anabaptists and early French and German Socialism, but in the subsequent portions of the book these desirable qualities are signally lacking. A man who can refer to the late E. L. Godkin as one who "spends one-half his talent and energy in telling the workers that they have no right to aspire to the pursuit of happiness, that it is their duty to accept their hard lot without murmuring or questioning; and the other half in administering sedatives to the consciences of the well-to-do, so that they shall rest content with what they have and make no effort to better conditions," is not impartial, and it is difficult to see how an intelligent person who can make such a statement is candid. This is only one instance of the author's vicious practice of calling names. He criticises Socialism himself, but he allows no one else to do so without falling under his rebuke for writing "nonsense." To occupy both sides of a question has always been the genius of theologians, and Professor Vedder enjoys this ability. In one chapter he is a fully persuaded Socialist, denouncing capital with the vigor of a street orator, and, like the veriest demagogue, accusing Wall Street of producing panics, while in the next he exposes the fallacies of the Socialists with equal violence. The book is energetic and sprightly, but if the author is able to maintain his present attitude, it is difficult to see how his readers will not desire to go further in either one direction or the other.

The passage of the Parliament Act last year was universally felt to mean a profound change in the English Constitution, and already we have the systematizers recasting their general schemes. Thus Sir William R. Anson brings out a revised reissue of the fourth edition of his "Law and Custom of the Constitution" (Clarendon Press), the alterations in Vol. I, dealing with Parliament, being almost wholly confined to explaining the new legislation referred to. Sir William is, as is well known, a prominent Conservative, and a certain tinge of party bias shows itself in what he writes of the clipping of the veto powers of the House of Lords; yet he states the matter accurately, makes it clear precisely what has been taken away and what has been left, and keeps up a measurably good hope for the future. The same subject is treated from the Liberal standpoint in the new edition of "May's Constitutional History of England" (Longmans), edited and continued by Francis Holland. May's work closed with 1860, and his present editor has added a third volume to bring the history down to date. The method is not strictly chronological, but chapters are given to separate subjects. These are dealt with compendiously, but impartially and accurately, so far as we have been able to apply tests. The whole is a useful continuation and reprint of a work which already had a secure reputation.

Coming events cast their books before, and "The Framework of Home Rule," by Erskine Childers (Longmans, Green & Co.), confessedly has its reason for being in the approaching renewal of the great debate in Parliament over the question of Irish Government. The author starts out by pointing to the fact that Ireland is, historically, an English colony, and then he shows what England has done for her other colonies—Canada, Australia, South Africa—in the way of large grants of home rule. All candid persons admit, in fact, that the founding of the Australian Commonwealth and the establishment of the South African Confederation, both events having taken place since the Irish Home Rule bill of 1886, have profoundly modified the point of view. If Ireland were 3,000 miles away from England, she would have had home rule long ago. Mr. Childers takes it for granted that she is soon to have it, and his volume is a full and careful discussion of the details—legislative, financial, and administrative. It is a work based on wide knowledge and embodies the latest official statistics relating to population, taxation, land purchase, and the like, so that it will be a very handy book to have by one as the Parliamentary discussion comes on after Easter.

The shifts to which a war correspondent is put form the subject of Stanley Washburn's book, "The Cable Game: The Adventures of an American Pressboat in Turkish Waters During the Russian Revolution" (Sherman, French). The author, a writer for the Chicago *Daily News*, was at Peking, when without yet knowing the meaning of it, he received the message: "Russia direct. When do you start?" It was the assignment for the Russian insurrection. The romance of the game, Mr. Washburn assures us, becomes utterly engrossing when one realizes that one's paper

> will pay fabulous sums, $2,000, $5,000, even $10,000, for an account of a world event. A single story of this kind is printed in ten thousand papers in fifty different languages within twenty-four hours after the correspondent files it in a cable office. His version of the affair is read first by every foreign office in the civilized world. On his story, the editorials on the "situation" are based, from London to Buenos Ayres.

What strikes the reader most in Mr. Washburn's account is the resourcefulness often needed by a person in his capacity. The cable is to such a one what the air tube is to the diver, and how he shall beat the other fellow to it keeps him continually planning for the future. When Mr. Washburn arrived at Constantinople, for instance, on his way to Russia, he wisely concluded to charter a tug-boat. With it he could freely enter turbulent Russian ports, gather news, and race for an uncensored cable. One of the most readable chapters describes his ingenious measures to obtain ready money in the Rumanian town of Sulina. The consternation of the natives over the spectacle of a private individual wishing to send a thousand words by cable, and the formidable impression which he contrived to make, though without securities, upon a banker there, are amusingly told. It is easy to understand Mr. Washburn's statement that

> the correspondent that represents a conservative paper has a truly mean time when he is on an assignment with a number of fellows who are cabling for the other type, for it is not at all uncommon for them to take rumors, even fakes, agree on the details, and send them broadcast.

We may suggest, however, that when placed in such a position, a correspondent might fill his time, to the great benefit of the far-away public, with discrediting such rumors.

While the day of the square-rigger and deep-water ships seems to have passed, it is a pertinent fact that the fore-and-aft rig is not only not on the decline, but, as a matter of fact, is multiplying both for commercial and for pleasure purposes. For that reason the history of this rig, which has been traced by E. Keble Chatterton in "Fore and Aft" (Lippincott), makes a peculiar appeal to yachtsmen and to all who love the sea. Mr. Chatterton follows the fore-and-aft rig from its origin in the days of the Egyptian, down through the ages, taking up the history of the rig in northern Europe, in Holland, in England, and America, and of its introduction to yacht use. The book is filled with illustrations of the rig as seen at various periods, in drawings, reproductions of paintings from the Dutch school, and in photographs of the various models to be found in museums in Europe, while at the end line drawings and sail plans of yachts, fishing vessels, and working boats are given. In most essentials the fore-and-aft rig is the same to-day as it was hundreds of years ago, some of the same details of rigging now used being in evidence then; although in the cut of the sail and in the lightness and convenience of the rigging we have made marked improvement. The service which Mr. Chatterton performed for the history of the sailing ship, two years ago, in his "Sailing Ships and Their Story," he has now done for the fore-and-aft-rigged vessel in particular. He has made an interesting and useful volume.

A new edition of Horace White's valuable textbook, "Money and Banking"—long recognized as a high authority on current financial problems in the United States and

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on American financial history—has been put out by Ginn & Co., so as to extend the discussion to the plans of banking and currency reform which have been placed before the American people since the third edition of the book was published in 1908. The full text of the Aldrich plan, endorsed a few months ago by the Monetary Commission and now in the hands of Congress, is included in the present book. There are also added a chapter on the guarantee of bank deposits, and another on the relations of the Stock Exchange and the money markets—a subject on which Mr. White speaks with particular authority as the chairman of the special committee appointed by Governor Hughes in 1909 to investigate the question of speculation in stocks and commodities on the various exchanges. The additions bring this useful book completely up to date for purposes of reference on the pressing financial and banking problems of the day.

We have received the "Yiddish Dictionary," dealing with the Hebrew and Chaldaic elements in the present-day Yiddish vernacular. We take the appearance of this volume as an interesting sign of the efforts that are being made to raise the Yiddish, hitherto regarded as a formless jargon, to the level of an ordered language. The authors and publishers of the dictionary are Dr. C. D. Spivak and Solomon Bloomgarden, of whom the latter has won distinction as a poet, under the pseudonym "Jehoash." He has translated "Hiawatha" into the Yiddish.

Maximilian Harden, the well-known editor of the Berlin *Zukunft*, does not show to great advantage in the English dress Julius Gabe has given him in "Word Portraits" (Brentano's). Some of the sketches are characteristic enough of their author, and in their day probably served to entertain or startle Berlin for a brief hour, but in the years that have elapsed since Old William, Richter, Waldersee, Stoecker, the Empress Frederick, and Bismarck himself evoked so much sound and fury, the world has learned to speak of these subjects dispassionately. Least of all is posterity to accept Herr Harden's rhetoric as the judgment of history. There have been political pamphleteers who have outlived their day and generation, but few of them were Germans, and none of them wrote as Harden does. Stored as his mind is with varied and surprising knowledge, he has neither strict logic nor telling satire nor deep feeling at his command. Wit is not his in the sense in which Heine and Börne have accustomed us to it. He is essentially a rhapsodist and, for all his revolutionary flings at tradition, a sentimentalist—a talker, not a *causeur*. Least of all is he a great thinker. His vehemence is studied, his pathos false, his heaping of metaphors intolerable—even in the original German, where much is forgiven to a show of learning. Unfortunately, Harden's influence on newspaper diction has been considerable. He has introduced and made popular the *staccato* phraseology that marks so much of progressive journalism—not only on the other side of the ocean. The political essays in this collection, with the exception of that on Gallifet, are all grouped around the overshadowing figure of Bismarck, the one deity Harden worships. Literature is represented by clouds of words on Ibsen and Zola; art, far more interestingly by essays on Böcklin, Lenbach, and Menzel; acting, by overwrought papers on Charlotte Wolter, Mitterwurzer, and Matkowsky.

At the suggestion, we believe, of President Butler of Columbia, the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung of Berlin has undertaken the publication of an important series of books, of which Dr. Butler and Dr. Wilhelm Paszkowski are the general editors. This is nothing less than a translation into German of the principal books on American institutions, history, and culture. Three volumes of the series have already been issued, and come to us from G. E. Stechert & Co. of this city; they include "George Washington," von Henry Cabot Lodge, in two volumes, and "Die Amerikanische Literatur," von C. Alphonso Smith. The names of the translators are not given on the title pages.

The latest successor of Mademoiselle de Gournay is Miss Edith Sichel, who recounts her likings and her reflections in "Michel de Montaigne" (Dutton). The book consists largely of sentences and paragraphs translated from the "Essays" and so grouped as to illustrate various characteristics of Montaigne the man and Montaigne the philosopher. The passages are for the most part well chosen and well rendered. It is to be hoped, though, for Miss Sichel's peace of mind, that she will never discover the real point of the anecdote she has quoted on pages 43 and 44. The discussion in which the translated passages are set reveals a knowledge of Montaigne at once genuine and eager. The appraisal of his qualities is just; but the attempt is too often made to reconcile his inconsistencies. Miss Sichel's style is modelled, consciously or unconsciously, on that of Montaigne, but her epigrams do not ring true, and her frequent carelessness in the use of words convicts her of instability in constructive thought. Witness this paragraph:

> No shibboleths for Montaigne. *Dilettantisme oblige* was his motto. And dilettantism must not be an insipid business. "No wind maketh for him who hath no destined port," he once wrote, and he steered straight for knowledge—rich, haphazard knowledge of human life.

Miss Sichel has but little to say that is worth the attention of those who are already familiar with Montaigne. Such others as read her study are likely to gain from it a good measure of immediate enjoyment and the resolution to know Montaigne for themselves. The book is well indexed and well printed, and the illustrations are excellently chosen.

Prof. H. S. Jevons has performed a useful service to students as well as an act of filial piety in editing a fourth edition of Prof. W. Stanley Jevons's "Theory of Political Economy" (Macmillan). The work has become an economic classic, and Jevons's exposition of some fundamental points of economic theory is still unsurpassed. In the new edition the text is unchanged from that of the second and third editions, except for the correction of some obvious slips, and the addition of a few notes designed to make the meaning of obscure passages clearer or to correct slight errors. Three new appendices are added to the two contained in the second and third editions. The most interesting of these is a fragment on Capital and Interest which Jevons had intended to use in his "Principles of Economics."

The venerable, but still active historian, Prof. Pasquale Villari, has just issued "Scritti Vari" (Bologna: Zanichelli), a volume containing fourteen essays, most of which have appeared before. Their subjects are fairly balanced between history and literature, and range from a long discussion of history as a science, to short studies of Margaret Fuller, De Amicis, and Tenca, and a paper on Gaetano Negri, written as an introduction for the Duchess Litta's translation of that author's well-known work on Julian the Apostate. The most recent essay is on Dante's "De Monarchia."

Charles Ezra Sprague, president of the Union Dime Savings Bank of New York, died at his home last week, in his seventieth year. Besides inventing many devices for savings banks and other bookkeeping, he wrote the following treatises: "Hand-Book of Volapük," "The Accountancy of Investment," "Interest Bond Tables," and "The Philosophy of Accounts."

The death is reported from Warsaw of Prof. Max Mandelstamm, the expert on international law.

Science

Science books in Dutton's spring list include: "British Trees and Shrubs," by the Rev. C. A. Johns; "British Fungi," with a chapter on Lichens, by George Massee; "British Ferns and Their Varieties," by C. T. Druery; "Return to Nature," by A. Just; "Every Boy's Book of the Zoo," W. S. Berridge and W. Percival Westell; "The Boy Fancier," by Frank T. Barton; "Pepper's Boy's Playbook of Science," by John Mastin; "The Advance of Photography: Its History and Modern Applications," by A. E. Garrett; "The Great Star Map," by H. H. Turner; "Liquid Fuel and Its Apparatus," by William Booth; "Talks about Ourselves," by Viscountess Falmouth; "Science of the Sea," by G. Herbert Fowler; "Sport in Vancouver and Newfoundland," by Sir John Rogers; and "The Noble Science of Fox Hunting," by F. P. D. Radcliffe.

Chemistry is one of the most impersonal of the sciences, and it is only recently that efforts have been made to give it some of the human interest attaching, say, to astronomy or zoölogy, by biographical sketches of the founders of the science. Apparently, E. Roberts's "Famous Chemists" (Macmillan) is such an attempt, but if so, it is not altogether successful, for the biographical details are packed into a few paragraphs at the beginning of each chapter, and the rest are devoted to an explanation of the discoveries of the chemist under consideration. There are no portraits, and the reader gets no conception of a personality, such as, for example, is furnished by Ostwald's "Grosse Männer." But this little volume is well worth the space it occupies, for its explanations are clear, and it will be handy for the student who wants to know what contribution to science this or that chemist made. Twenty-eight chemists are included, beginning with Stahl and Boyle and ending with Perkin and Meyer.

The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for 1914, just issued from the Government Printing Office by the Department

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of the Navy, under the direction of Prof. W. S. Eichelberger, is like its predecessor in material and arrangement. American geodesists and astronomers are particularly favored with a copious catalogue of stars whose positions are computed with all needful precision. In this respect our national ephemeris is now far in advance of all similar European publications. Mars comes to his next opposition January 5 of that year, there is a total eclipse of the sun for two minutes on August 21 from Russia to Persia, and a transit of Mercury on November 7. The moon passes over or occults Regulus October 14, but no planet or other bright star. Many observers will value the very convenient data for physical observations of sun, moon, and planets which Professor Eichelberger now regularly incorporates in the Ephemeris each year.

Prof. Thomas Harrison Montgomery, jr., professor of zoölogy in the University of Pennsylvania, who died last week, at the age of thirty-nine, was the author of one book, "Analysis of Racial Descent in Animals."

Prof. Ralph Stockman Tarr of the department of physical geography in Cornell University, one of the best-known geographers in the United States, and an authority on glaciers and earthquakes, died suddenly from cerebral hemorrhage a week ago, aged forty-eight. He once led a Cornell expedition to Greenland, and spent several summers in Alaska at the head of the expedition for the United States Geological Survey. In 1882-83 he was Assistant United States Fish Commissioner, being also at that time connected with the Smithsonian Institution. He was the author of several monographs on geographical and geological subjects, and of a well-known series of textbooks.

Drama

Edward Dowden's "Shakespeare, a Study of His Mind and Art," will be brought out by Dutton in a completely revised edition.

Cleverness and originality mark most of the work of Percy Mackaye, and both qualities are exhibited in his latest play, "To-morrow" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.); but the piece is not particularly impressive, whether it be considered as drama or as a plea in favor of a great principle in eugenics, which is its professed purpose. Theoretically, of course, its main contention is sound enough—no thoughtful person ever dreamed of disputing it—but unfortunately it is not now, nor is ever likely to come, except in special instances, within the region of practical politics. That the multiplication of the criminal, insane, diseased, and degenerate classes is a hideous evil is generally admitted. How to deal with it is a problem that has long occupied the attention of the most earnest and able sociologists. To check it, here and there, by legislative and police methods, has been proved possible in a very limited degree. Mr. Mackaye, inspired apparently by the horticultural triumphs of Luther Burbank, has adopted the loose theory, no longer fresh, that the human race may be perfected, physically, intellectually, and morally, by the enforcement of principles of selection analogous to those practiced by the expert gardener, forester, dog-fancier, or cattle-breeder. So he presents an illustration. Peter Dale, philosopher and plant-grower in northern California, has reared his daughter, Mana, with such tact and wisdom that she is a paragon of health, beauty, discretion, and innocence, a creature comparable with Eve before the fall. He designs her for Mark Freeman, his trained assistant, and, in his eye, the perfect male. A serpent enters this Eden, in the shape of Julian, a brilliant young politician, full of fascination and all sorts of poisonous blood taint. In spite of Peter's opposition he woos and has almost won Mana, by his sophistries and passion, when the sturdy Mark interferes and flings him over a cliff. Then, it is needless to say, she discovers that it is Mark alone whom she has loved all the time. The love story Mr. Mackaye tells prettily and effectively, but it denotes nothing, and the action is sorely impeded by the didactic passages in which he deduces laws for human regeneration from horticultural experiments. These are among the commonplaces of modern agriculture. But how are such processes to be applied in wholesale or effectual fashion to humanity? Who is to confine, select, or exterminate? Mr. Mackaye appears to imagine that these responsibilities might be entrusted safely to the doctors. The proposition scarcely needs discussion. There is a fairly good stage story, with some excellent literary dialogue, in "To-morrow,"- but the anthropological speculations are negligible. Moreover, the subject belongs to the lecture-room and not to the stage, since it is entirely and necessarily incapable of significant dramatic illustration.

Josephine Preston Peabody may be congratulated on having found for her "Piper" so sympathetic and skilful a German interpreter as Margaret Münsterberg. "Der Pfeifer" (Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte) preserves all the charm of the original, which indeed lends itself particularly well to German adaptation. The play, in this version, will no doubt be appreciated in the fatherland, as it has been in this country. Barring a single halting line, "Ich sagt' euch alles—das ist des Teufels Pakt" (which can be matched by Mrs. Marks's "In it, is Love. It is clear well-water"), the translation reads smoothly throughout. As an example of Miss Münsterberg's mastery of versification, we refer to her rendering of the exquisite song beginning with "Out of your cage." By a change of metre in the sixth line she produces a happy rhythmical effect lacking in the original, where "Scribe and Stay-at-home" is left unrhymed.

We give both versions of the song:

Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage
And take your soul on a pilgrimage!
Pease in your shoes, an' if you must!—
But out and away, before you're dust:
Scribe and Stay-at-home,
Saint and Sage,
Out of your cage,
Out of your cage!—

Heraus aus der Haft,
Heraus aus der Haft,
Und schick' deine Seele auf Wanderschaft!
Und musst du, so pilgre mit Erbsen im Schuh!
Nur heraus, eh du Staub bist, und fort ohne Ruh:
Schreiber, Gelehrter und Heiliger dazu,
Alles was hockt zu Haus,
Komm aus dem Käfig heraus,
Komm aus dem Käfig heraus!—

This is the spirit of the true translator, who (as Fulda does in his version of "Cyrano") succeeds only if he keeps constantly in mind the different poetic susceptibilities and melodic standards of the two languages he is concerned with. It was the slavish endeavor to pour the precise syllabic content of Goethe's "Faust" into English metre that prevented Bayard Taylor's version from being more than an extraordinary *tour de force*. If Miss Münsterberg's effort attains, as it deserves, a second edition, she will have an opportunity to eliminate a few slight blemishes, such as "eine *schäbige* hölzerne Tür" (p. 37), and "das Sprudelwasser" (p. 69), for "bubbling water." The quaint line, "Man muss sie fangen, wenn sie *halt* noch jung sind!" introduces an Austriacism rarely met with in German literature. For the meaningless stage direction, "entschuldigt leidenschaftlich" (p. 94), the equally awkward English "excuses passionately" is responsible.

"When It Comes Home" has been selected as the title of the first of the three comedies which Augustus Thomas has contracted to deliver to Charles Frohman. It is in four acts, and the scenes are in old and new New York. Gail Kane, Ffolliot Paget, Louise Muldener, John Findlay, Earle Browne, and William Courtleigh are among the performers. The piece will be seen first in Chicago on the 8th of April.

Arrangements have been perfected for the construction of a Children's Theatre on the roof of the Century Theatre. It is expected to be open in October, and the plays will be of a kind specially adapted to juvenile appreciation, such as "Alice in Wonderland," etc. The need of a Children's Theatre has long been felt in this city, especially at Christmas time, when there has been nothing to fill the place of the old pantomimes. But it is to be hoped that the Lieblers will not make the mistake of supposing that children are only capable of enjoying sheer nonsense, the sort of knock-about fooling that they get in the circus. Children have a wonderfully keen appreciation of the romantic, beautiful, heroic, and sentimental, and the new institution ought to give great scope to their imagination.

As a successor to "The Dust of Egypt," when that piece has ended its career at Wyndham's, in London, Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier have chosen a new four-act play, provisionally entitled, "The Kangaroo," by Horace Annesley Vachell. This tells a story of our own times, the action taking place partly in London and partly up the Thames. Although light in places, it maintains a serious interest. The character designed for Gerald du Maurier is that of a young man, a rough diamond, who inherits a fortune.

Charles Hawtrey has accepted a play by George A. Birmingham. Although not a dramatization of any of his novels, it deals with characters which figure in the "Search Party."

Edward Knoblauch and Arnold Bennett seem to have made a hit with their comedy, "Milestones," which has just been produced at the London Royalty Theatre. It is agreeable to know that the play has already been obtained for this country.

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Music

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Sixth Series. $1.60.

By those interested in serious discussions of important musical topics no publication is more gladly welcomed than the annual volume containing the Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association. The sixth is now in print, containing the most important papers read at the Association's thirty-third meeting, which was held at Ann Arbor, Mich., last December (copies may be obtained of Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn.). Glancing at the table of contents, one may perhaps be surprised to find an article entitled, "Was Richard Wagner a Jew?" Its author, however, is none less than the scholarly Oscar G. Sonneck, of the Library of Congress; and the inclusion of an article or two in a lighter vein in each of these volumes has become a habit—a wise one, since, particularly in this case, the more widely prevalent interest in biography than in discussions of the artistic or scientific aspects of music may attract the general reader.

No fewer than five of the papers in Volume VI are concerned with orchestras, and are therefore particularly timely, since the multiplication of orchestras in the cities of the United States is the most remarkable musical fact of the day. The Orchestration of Bach is considered by Frederick Wolle, the organizer of the unique Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pa. The "Orchestra before Berlioz" is described by Louis Adolphe Coerne, of the University of Wisconsin, the author of a valuable history of instrumental coloring. The "Orchestra since Berlioz" is discussed by Frederick A. Stock, the admirable conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, who also speaks as a thorough expert. "Conductors and Non-Conductors" is the title of a diverting paper by Charles K. Skilton of the University of Kansas; and Samuel Pierson Lockwood of the University of Michigan writes amusingly about "Amateur Orchestras" and the trials and tribulations of their conductors.

Dr. Wolle refutes the charge that Bach's instrumentation is monotonous; he tells of an amusing tiff he once had with Theodore Thomas on the vexed question of Bach's trumpet parts, and urges musicians to pay more attention to the works of the Leipzig Cantor. In Mr. Stock's paper the most valuable pages are those in which he traces the successive steps by which Wagner improved his orchestral coloring, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." Referring to those who say that "Tchaikovsky's music sounds much better than it is," he replies that it is "difficult to determine whether to apply this in a praising or fault-finding sense," adding that this great Russian's "handling of the orchestra is that of a genius, and his music is of that kind in which every note sounds and sings." We wish to call particular attention to what Mr. Stock has to say about two other masters whose genius was of a much more transcendent kind than most professional musicians realize:

> It would be a sin of musical omission to speak of orchestral music without mentioning another Frenchman who "made a school," and still is making it, Bizet, the genius-composer of "Carmen." It can be stated with all confidence that seekers for knowledge in orchestral matters can derive a hundred-fold greater practical good from the study of the score of "Carmen" than from a dozen instruction-books on instrumentation. Some of the scores of Johann Strauss, the Waltz-King, also furnish most excellent material for studying purposes; their practical value from this point of view has never been fully appreciated.

Mr. Skilton gives interesting information regarding the formation of school orchestras, which is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Few of them are more than ten years old, but already they have created a new interest in student life, being more artistic than the mandolin or glee club, more educational than the dramatic club. In this line the colleges for men or for women alone are, it seems, at a disadvantage as compared with co-educational institutions, where the strings are chiefly played by women students and the wood-wind and brass instruments by male students or instructors. Mr. Skilton is an optimist; he sees in the growing interest in music indications that "the tidal wave of materialism which has overwhelmed our land during the last decades is beginning to recede."

Liszt is another timely subject discussed in this volume. The centenary of his birth naturally suggested the query: What has been done in pianoforte music since his death, a quarter of a century ago? Albert Lockwood and Allen Spencer discuss this topic, the first-named holding that nothing further can be said after Liszt until the very nature of the keyboard has been changed; while Mr. Spencer calls attention to the significant fact that it is the "quite recent acknowledgment of his genius that has given piano-playing its newest development." In naming the great pianists who have made the real Liszt known to the public, he forgets the greatest and most persuasive of them all, Paderewski. Edwin Hughes of Detroit, in discussing recent composition for the piano, gives a page to Debussy as "the first really creative innovator in piano-playing since Liszt"; yet it cannot at all be said, he adds, that he has revolutionized piano-playing after the manner of Chopin or Liszt. He also tries to show wherein Godowsky and Rosenthal, in their transcriptions of Chopin pieces and Johann Strauss waltzes, have gone beyond Liszt in the matter of "clever keyboard intricacies."

We cannot dwell on the suggestive points made in several papers printed under the heads of "Report of Harmony Conference," "Report of Voice Conference," and "Report of Public School Conference." A word must be said, however, about two important papers contributed by Mr. Sonneck; the one already referred to, and another, most curious one, entitled "MacDowell versus MacDowell," in which he relates in a most entertaining way the difficulties he has encountered in trying to procure for the Library of Congress a complete file of the first editions of the foremost American composer's works. No less readable is his paper, "Was Wagner a Jew?" It was Nietzsche who first set in vogue the notion that he was a Jew, by asserting that "his father was a stage-player named Geyer," and that "a Geyer is almost an Adler." Mr. Sonneck's argument to prove that Geyer was only the step-father is intricate and ingenious; but he does not succeed in obliterating the impression that Wagner himself lived and died in doubt as to his parentage. One thing, however, is certain: Wagner was not a Jew, regardless of whether or not he was the son of Ludwig Geyer. The researches of Glasenapp and Bournet have proved a purely Protestant lineage for Geyer, as far back as it can be traced (1640).

"Historical, Descriptive, and Analytical Account of the Entire Works of Johannes Brahms" is the title of a volume of 599 pages, by Edwin Evans, just issued by the Scribners. It covers the vocal works—lieder, part songs, and choral works. Vol. II of this exhaustive work will be devoted to the piano and organ works; Vol. III to the chamber and orchestral works.

Saint-Saëns has changed his mind in regard to Offenbach, as he confesses in *L'Echo de Paris*. Once he prophesied: "Posterity will not know him." But he was mistaken. "Offenbach is again in fashion." "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and "Le Belle Hélène" are going around the world again. Composers of our day look down on gayety as inartistic, and as the public cannot do without it, there is a revival of operetta. What makes Offenbach interesting is "a superabundance, a fertility of melodic invention of which there are few examples." His "Tales of Hoffmann" is very rich in melody, sparkling in spontaneity, full of dash; in short, it is "music comparable to Grétry's." He even, now and then, "made curious harmonic discoveries." Saint-Saëns concludes his article with the words: "It is time for me to stop; a little more and I shall be saying things I don't want to say."

Arrigo Boïto celebrated his seventieth birthday a few weeks ago (February 24), and still that long-expected second opera of his, "Nero," is not forthcoming.

D'Albert's new opera, "Die Verschenkte Frau," which had its première in Vienna, has already been accepted for performance in ten other German cities. His "Tiefland,"

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which was a failure in New York, had its 400th Berlin performance a few weeks ago.

Art

PRE-RAPHAELITES AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, March 12.

This winter's show of Pre-Raphaelite pictures at the Tate Gallery, lent by the Birmingham Corporation, could not have come at a more opportune moment. We have been seeing a good deal lately of what the young men in England are doing in imitation of the new movements on the Continent, and it is interesting to compare their work with that of those other young Englishmen who were considered so daring and revolutionary now a little more than half a century ago.

Of these Pre-Raphaelite pictures it would be more than useless to write in detail. Everybody knows the collection, and probably no other group of modern painters have had as much said and written about them, or have been the subject of more exaggerated praise and more exaggerated blame. It is only to-day that they are beginning to be seen in the proper perspective, and it is a curious sign of the times to find the writer of the Introduction to the Tate Gallery exhibition, while admiring them, still admitting in their work "a trace of camera photographing reality," "an element of the uncouth and provincial," "a stamp of Victorian sentiment and manners": the very last things the Pre-Raphaelites in their zenith would have been credited with. But the result of all this talk is that nothing remains to be added to it. The value of the exhibition at the Tate Gallery is not in anything new it can show to London. The principal pictures in the exhibition have been already seen here more than once.

It is the representative character of the exhibition which gives it value. These artists may not have been the masters they once were thought, nor their pictures the masterpieces. They may have mistaken absorption in their subject for the observation of Nature which was the very foundation of their creed, so that their pictures often degenerated into painted anecdotes, sometimes almost grotesque, sometimes almost comic, and their revelation of "delicate relationships between man and woman in domestic life, history, religion, and romance," so far from being the "real addition to the treasure of art" which the Introduction approves, has little to do with art at all. But whatever the weakness in their work, however mistaken their aims and objects, there can never be any question of their seriousness, their determination to study and work out the artistic problems they had set themselves in their own fashion. Nor did this, with them, lead to any desire or effort to throw off the healthy shackles of tradition.

It is a curious and suggestive contrast to turn from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery to some of the contemporary exhibitions recently held and still open in London. On every side ample evidence is furnished of the effect the "Post-Impressionists"—the absurd name given to them which I use for convenience—have had since they were seen last winter at the Grafton Gallery. There was no reason why their work should then have come as such a surprise. Examples had often been hung in the International Society's exhibitions. But London is as slow to open its eyes to the new as it is quick to go off its head once it has opened them. When Post-Impressionism finally dawned upon the town, it made a sensation that neither Romanticism nor even Impressionism enrolled in its day. The result was a torrent of nonsense published in the press and talked at meetings held for the purpose; also a rush to France and Germany of those who wanted to learn the trick and make a sensation themselves. The more gradual result has recently been seen in the galleries and in a series of decorations in a public building. There has been at least one "one-man" exhibition, that of Roger Fry, whose chief business is writing and who has not until now been over-industrious as an artist. I remember in the past his allegiance seemed to hesitate between the eighteenth-century landscape painters and the early English water-colorists, but then he exhibited comparatively little. This winter, however, under the spell of Post-Impressionism, he filled a whole gallery with landscapes and portraits and still-lifes in which Cézanne, Van Gogh, and the other accepted masters were more or less reflected. There is at least one exhibiting society, the Friday Club, in which almost all the members—mostly men and women with reputations still to make—have apparently no other aim than to proclaim themselves disciples of the group whose work a year ago was the talk of the studios. And there is hardly any exhibition in which Post-Impressionists do not make some sort of an appearance. Only yesterday, visiting the Women's International at the Grafton Gallery, I found a number of landscapes and still-lifes upon which the movement—new in London as it grows old in Paris—has set its stamp.

We have been told only too frequently that the great virtue of what is called Post-Impressionism is its defiance of all convention and its encouragement of all individuality of expression. Eloquent descriptions have been given of the unwearied research, the heart-breaking struggles which the masters of the new school willingly undertook and endured in their determination to break loose from tradition and to evolve their own personal method of expression. The Expressionists, for this reason, is the name enthusiasts have bestowed upon them. To the artist's personal expression everything else should be sacrificed, even if to attain it he must put himself in the attitude of a child, of a savage, when he confronts himself with Nature. Now, whether this is possible, whether the artist any more than the writer can free himself from centuries of tradition; again, whether the masters of the present Post-Impressionists prized the expression of their own individuality any more highly than any other artists since the world began, I do not care here to discuss. To begin with, there is not space for such a discussion; nor is there really any necessity. But the reminder of the principles and aims attributed to the masters is useful in helping to explain how far the disciples are from understanding or approaching them. As yet, in the mass of work produced so rapidly that one can but suspect a pleasant facility in the recipe, I have seen, with a few not too notable exceptions, nothing that suggested to me an effort to express any personality save that of the master who happened to be chosen for the assiduous study, if imitation is not a better word, of the moment. The mannerisms, the limitations even, that is, the characteristics least desirable, in the work of Cézanne or Gauguin or Van Gogh, the exaggerations of Matisse, the dots of Seurat and Signac, the eccentricities of the most strenuous of the Indépendants in Paris—those are what I find; not any endeavor of the artist to see with his own eyes and put down what he sees in his own way. The Post-Impressionists in London have escaped from one convention only to bind themselves more irrevocably by another. The Pre-Raphaelites, it may be said, did much the same thing. But, then, they believed it was only by respect of the right tradition that they could develop whatever talent or genius they might possess, and the seriousness with which they studied, with which they trained themselves by hard work, is seen in everything they did.

The essence of Post-Impressionism—so we are told—is to distrust or to scorn all tradition, and the diligence with which this distrust or scorn is being expressed by faithful adherence to a new tradition makes one wonder if the attraction may not be, not the principles of the school, but the short cut it seems to offer to art. The work of one of the London groups has been solemnly explained in what is usually considered an official quarter, as the effort to discover a method of painting that can be practiced successfully without a long training in the schools—to make painting more easy is now, we are assured, an aim all over Europe. There, I think, you have the reason of the popularity of Post-Impressionism with those who

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profess it. All that hard research, all those heart-breaking struggles, on the part of the leaders were simply that the followers might escape the drudgery of the school and the tedium of hard work in the studio. Art, once an art education was put within the reach of almost everybody, attracted hundreds of men and women, who ought to be serving behind counters or sitting on the high stool of office, by the easy and pleasant way of making a living they were foolish enough to believe it promised. But experience quickly showing how little ease there is in the life of an artist, Post-Impressionism is now welcomed as a nice and light substitute for the old-fashioned notion of long and arduous training. N. N.

Finance

THE VERDICT.

On Monday of the present week, the stock market reached the highest figures of the year Since February, the more active shares had scored advances ranging from 5 to 11 per cent. On the London Stock Exchange, also, English railway shares advanced, while the English coal strike, with its increasingly hurtful influence on transportation, was obstinately continuing.

Since Monday, along with the news of the English Government's failure to settle the coal strike in that country and with the near approach of April 1, when our own anthracite miners are to quit their work, prices on the Stock Exchange have ceased to rise and have occasionally declined rather sharply. Whether this was a consequence of increasing doubt over the industrial outcome, or was merely a natural reaction after a prolonged advance, is no doubt debatable. But the problem of the recent continuous rise in London and New York prices, under conditions which might easily have led to a rapid fall in prices, remains the foremost consideration.

The real significance of the attitude of the stock exchanges towards the highly sensational industrial incidents of the day is the evidence that the responsible part of the community is keeping its head, and is not going into premature hysterics over a disquieting social situation. For the trend of discussion of the English coal strike, and of the probably impending dispute in the same trade here, indicates that the problem is social quite as much as industrial or financial, and it has been entirely possible to picture the outcome in such colors as to suggest a temporary breakdown of civilized institutions.

Not only the events themselves, but other circumstances surrounding and preceding them, might easily be cited to deepen such an impression. A world-wide overhauling of established traditions of government; insurgent republics in such unimagined places as China and Portugal; arson and assassination, in behalf of a labor union, defended in public as a kind of patriotism; public leaders in the United States clamoring for a changed Constitution and a fettered judiciary; ladies rioting and fighting the police in the streets of English cities; and all this restless excitement, in the words of an English social critic, "running around England, Europe, America, Asia, and the world, like the Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages"—here is certainly an interesting background on which to project a strike so contrived as to bring to a stop the whole movement of a nation's trade and industry.

The scope of the present labor demonstration may readily enough, in fact, have suggested recollections of the great Stockholm strike in 1909, when the unions placed a ban on transportation, street lighting, and the gas and water supply, or the attempt of the French labor-syndicates in 1910 to stop all railways and the entire postal service. It certainly recalls unpleasantly the manifesto of the Continental syndicalists not so long ago, to the effect that the general strike, through making unworkable by capital the enterprises affected, will eventually dislodge the capitalist owners of the industrial plant, leaving its management in the hands, not even of the state, but of the labor unions, the laborers thereafter to be the masters and the managers the employees.

Wild as this dream may have seemed to be, it is not so much wilder than the manifold other dreams that are troubling the repose of the body politic, and nothing is easier, if the imagination is allowed free play, than to conceive of the existing situation as prelude to a formidable effort in exactly that direction, with consequences as difficult to foresee as the social and political sequel was in 1789. The Stock Exchange is above all things imaginative, and nobody could have blamed it, or regarded its action as unreasonable, had it fallen into outright demoralization at the preliminary moves in that direction. For if this had actually been the signal for the crusade to expropriate capital from its control of industrial affairs, then it must also have been the beginning of a movement to reduce stocks and bonds to the status of so much waste paper.

This view of the situation, which has more or less dimly suggested itself, at times, even to the sober-minded part of the community, is itself the sufficient explanation for the importance which observant people have attached to the recent attitude of the Stock Exchange. It is because the stock market expresses the mature and sober judgment of the majority of experienced men on the public events of the day, that other people who have had trouble in shaping their own opinions are so often influenced, in doing so, by the course of prices. At the present moment, it would be hard to say whether general opinion on the outcome of the labor controversies has not been quite as much influenced by the rise on the Stock Exchange as the Stock Exchange itself has been by the absence of excited and hysterical prediction in the matter.

But one fact is indisputable—the Stock Exchange, both here and at London, has flatly refused to indulge in any of these prevalent mental extravagances regarding the breakdown of society, and has taken the ground that the thing is impossible in itself, that conspiracies to establish any such new order of civilization will collapse of themselves, long before they threaten existing institutions, and that, if labor unions and labor leaders have entertained any purpose of the sort, it is quite as well that the matter should be brought to a practical test, so that even the laborer will learn what the universal strike would mean for him. This self-possessed attitude has had precisely the good effect on the thinking community which is exerted when a chorus of confused and excited voices, in bewildering controversy, is interrupted by a word of calmly emphatic and authoritative common-sense.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. T. Naomi of the Island. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.
Alexander, Miriam. Beyond the Law. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Angellotti, M. P. The Burgundian: A Tale of Old France. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Barr, Robert. Lady Eleanor: Lawbreaker. Chicago: Rand, McNally.
Brinsmade, H. H. Utopia Achieved: A Novel of the Future. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Brown, Vincent. The Irresistible Husband. Brentano. $1.35 net,
Brudno, Ezra. One Of Us. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Byers, H. G., and Knight, H. G. Notes on Qualitative Analysis. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. VIII, The Age of Dryden. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Carpenter, Rhys. The Tragedy of Etarre: A Poem. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Castle, W. R., jr. The Green Vase. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol XIII, Revel-Simon. Robert Appleton.
Cory, D. M. Moods. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.
Currier, A. H. The Present Day Problem of Crime. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Danish Fairy Tales. Translated by J. G. Cramer. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Denman, F. H. From Babel to Brotherhood. The Thwing Co. $1.60 net.
Dowd, E. C. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Elshemus, L. M. My Brother Victor. The Dreamers Press. $1.25 net.
Evans, Edwin. Johannes Brahms: Vol. I, Handbook to the Vocal Works. Scribner.
Fletcher, Margaret. The Fugitives. Longmans. $1.35 net.
Frankfurter Zeitung, Geschichte. Frankfurter Zeitung (American Agency, New York).
Frith, Julius. Alternating Current Design. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Galsworthy, John. Moods, Songs, and Doggerels. Scribner. $1 net.
Gibbs, Philip. Oliver's Kind Women. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25 net.

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Gibbs, R. E. Songs of Content: A Volume of Verse. San Francisco: Elder & Co. $1.50.
Gillespie, Foy. The Defenders. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.50.
Goldoni, Carlo. The Mistress of the Inn. Trans. by M. Pierson. Madison: Wisconsin Dramatic Society.
Hamel, Frank. Jean de la Fontaine. Brentano.
Hawkins, V. D. Applied Physics for Secondary Schools. Longman.
Hebbel's Agnes Bernauer. Ein Trauerspiel. Edited with notes, by M. B. Evans. Boston: Heath. 50 cents.
Hemmeon, J. C. The History of the British Post Office. Harvard Economic Studies, Vol. VII. Cambridge, Mass.
Herrick, G. F. Christian and Mohammedan. Revell. $1.25 net.
Hobbs, W. H. Earth Features and Their Meaning: An Introduction to Geology. Macmillan. $3 net.
Holmes, Bayard. Friends of the Insane, and Other Essays. Cincinnati: Lancet-Clinic Pub. Co.
Hughes, Rupert. The Old Nest. Century. $1 net.
Hynd-Lindsay, A. Sweet June. (Poems.) Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Irwin, Beatrice. The Pagan Trinity. Lane. $1.25 net.
Iseman, M. S. Race Suicide. Cosmopolitan Press. $1.50.
Isham, F. S. A Man and His Money. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Jacoby, G. W. Suggestions and Psychotherapy. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Japan Year-Book. 1912. Seventh Annual. Tokyo, Japan.
Kellow, H. A. Practical Training in English. Boston: Heath.
Layton, W. T. An Introduction to the Study of Prices. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Leonard, W. E. Glory of the Morning: A Play in One Act. Madison: Wisconsin Dramatic Society.
McConnell, R. M. Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Macnaughton, S. Peter and Jane. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Marivaux' Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard, Edited, with notes, by A. Fortier. Boston: Heath. 35 cents.
Morris, Gouverneur. It, and Other Stories. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Newell, Cicero. Indian Stories. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 50 cents.
Orchestral Music. Catalogue Scores. Prepared under direction of O. G. T. Sonneck. Washington: Gov. Printing Office. $1.
Partington, J. R. Higher Mathematics for Chemical Students. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Philbert, Leo. Mentor. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Potter, R. H. The Common Faith of Common Men. Teachers College, Columbia University. $1.08 net.
Robbins, Tod. Mysterious Martin. Ogilvie Pub. Co. $1.
Robertson, G. S. The Law of Copyright. Frowde.
Roz, Firmin. Le Roman Anglais Contemporain. Paris: Hachette.
Scharff, R. F. Distribution and Origin of Life in America. Macmillan. $3 net.
Schiller, F. C. S. Formal Logic. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Scott, Leroy. Counsel for the Defence. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Social Evil: Report Prepared (in 1902) under the Direction of the Committee of Fifteen. Edited by E. R. A. Seligman. Second edition. Putnam.
Spargo, J., and Arner, G. L. Elements of Socialism: A Text Book. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Stockton, F. R. The Lost Dryad. Riverside, Conn.: Mrs. F. C. Bursch. $1.
Sutherland, H. V. The Legend of Love. Desmond FitzGerald.
Suzzallo, Henry. The Teaching of Primary Arithmetic. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents.
The White Gods. London: T. Werner Laurie.
Thomas-Stanford, Charles. About Algeria. Lane. $1.50 net.
Tollemache, Stratford. Reminiscences of the Yukon. Longmans. $3.50 net.
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